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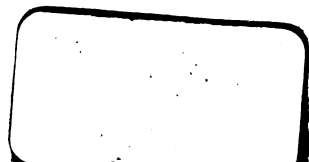




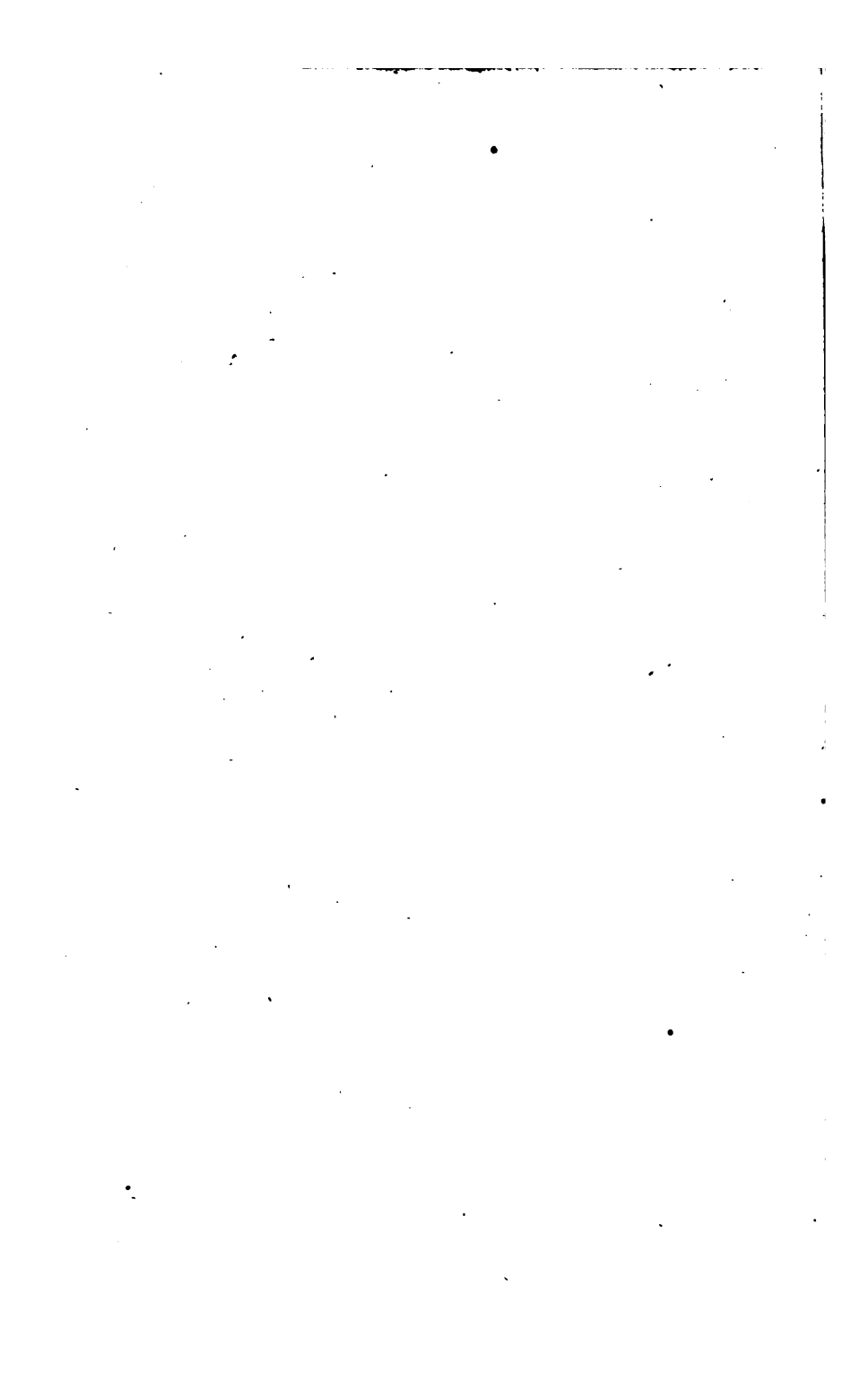
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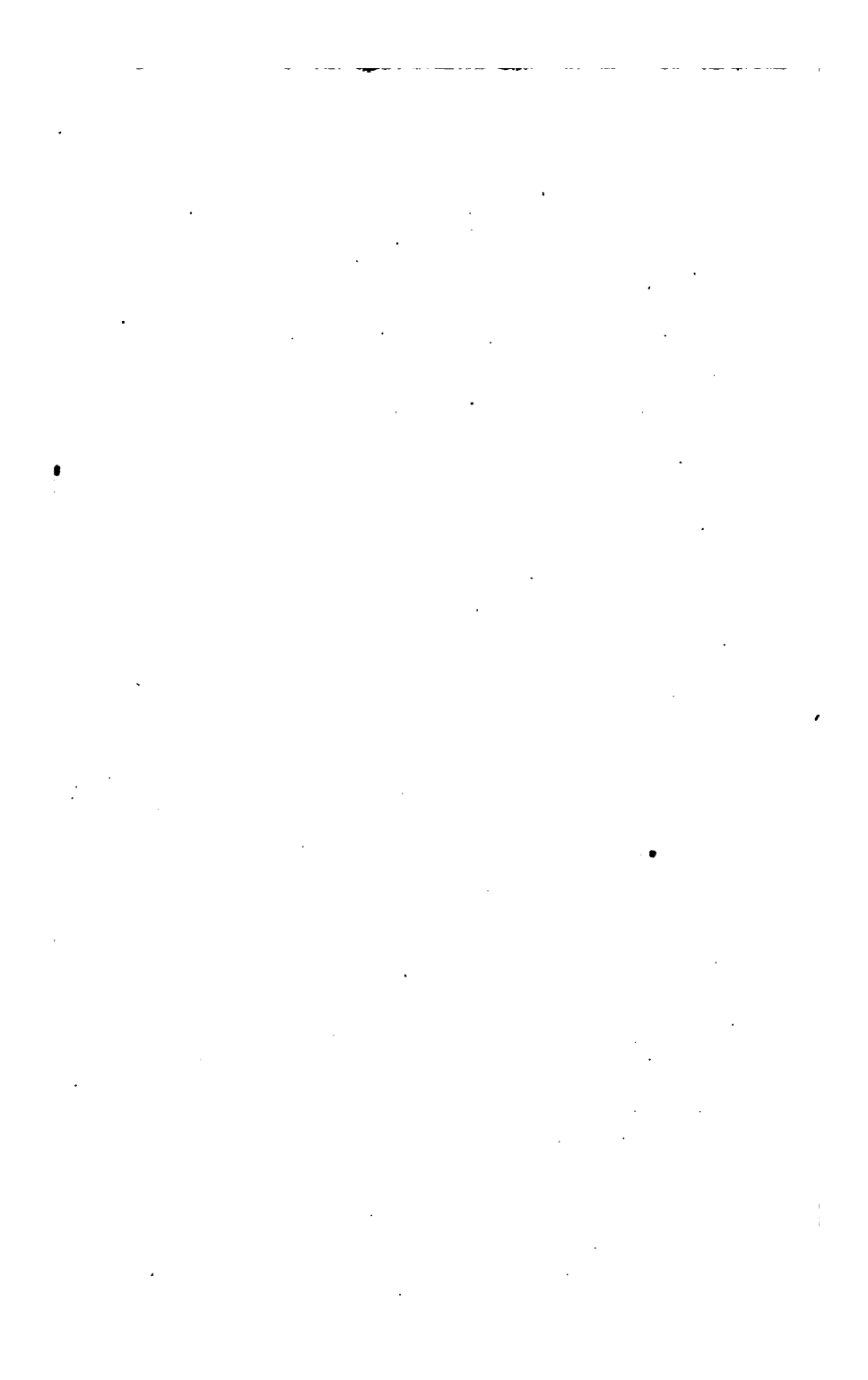
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Rev. Basil Woodd.

Rev.^d Basil Woodd.

Published by R. B. Seeley & W. Burnside, Fleet Street, April 7, 1834.

A FAMILY RECORD,
OR
MEMOIRS
OF THE LATE
REV. BASIL WOODD, M.A.
RECTOR OF DRAYTON BRAUCHAMP, BUCKS,
AND MINISTER OF BENTINCK CHAPEL, ST. MARYLEBONE.
AND OF SEVERAL DECEASED MEMBERS
OF HIS FAMILY.

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."



PUBLISHED BY R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE :
AND SOLD BY L. B. SEELEY AND SONS ;
AND JAMES NISBET, LONDON.
MDCCCXXXIV.

367.

L. B. SEELEY AND SONS, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

P R E F A C E.

IN a conversation which took place between the reverend individual whose history it is here proposed to record, and a clerical friend who frequently visited him during his last illness; it was ascertained that memoirs of several branches of his family were in a state of preparation for the press, which, including one or two that had already appeared in the pages of the *Christian Observer*, he had intended presenting to the world, in a small volume; as a memorial of his gratitude to the Great Giver of all good, for the privilege of having been permitted to see so many of his dearest connexions live and die in the faith and peace of the gospel. On a hope being expressed that some similar memorial of his *own* interesting life would also be found, he replied, 'that he had always kept a diary in which he entered the passing occurrences of the day, even to the state of the atmosphere, and the name of every casual visitor, but that he had not recorded much of his own spiritual feelings; that he had done this very minutely in early life; but finding, that in the ardour of his youthful impressions, he had expressed himself in language too highly wrought, and described his hopes and joys in terms which he thought sobriety would scarcely justify—he had long ago destroyed the record.'

So far, therefore, the hope has been disappointed. But, though an history of his long and valuable life from his own pen might have been more minute, and more circumstantially correct, than any that can be collected from mere scattered fragments, or the imperfect recollections of surviving friends,¹ the want will be found in a considerable degree supplied, especially so far as his personal and domestic character is concerned, by the numerous interesting conversations he has recorded, as having taken place in his intercourse with so many of his deceased relatives. Many will recognize in these conversations the tender affection which so eminently distinguished him as a husband and a parent, a master and a friend, as well as the lively and deep interest which he took in the best welfare of all with whom he came into familiar contact. His zeal and unwearied diligence in the discharge of his more public duties, may be regarded as having formed an "epistle known and read of all men."

¹ The scantiness of these detached materials must be the apology for their not appearing in the form of a separate narrative, as one or two friends whose opinion is entitled to respect, have thought would have been preferable. Apart from the accompanying Memoirs (which, in fact, are in many respects Memoirs of himself) they would have presented a very imperfect view of his character; *combined*, it is trusted, they will be found to exhibit it in all its essential bearings. If, notwithstanding, the reader should prefer perusing the narrative apart, he has only to pass over the intervening Memoirs for the time being, and return to them at his leisure.

MEMOIRS,

&c.

To trace the footsteps through life, of a good man, is a pleasing, and, by the divine blessing, has often been found a profitable occupation. While reviewing the diversified train of circumstances and events, which, under the direction of a merciful providence, has led to the formation of his character, the serious and devout mind will naturally admire the manifold wisdom and grace of God ; and while proceeding to notice the kindly and salutary operation of this grace—the delightful peace and holy joy which it creates in the mind of the possessor, and the extensive benefit which it diffuses amongst those who are brought within the sphere of its influence—will recognize the truth, and feel the force of the inspired declaration, “The memory of the just is blessed.”

The Rev. Basil Woodd, the head of the little group whose memory it is the design of the

following pages to perpetuate, stood eminently entitled to this high designation. Though not just in the absolute sense of the term, as it would imply exemption from the common taint of our fallen nature, and from the infirmities which are ever incident to humanity during its abode on earth, he yet deservedly ranked high as a believer in Him who justifieth the ungodly ; and presented a bright and illustrious instance of the value and energy of the faith he professed, in purifying the heart, working by love, raising the soul above the world and all its vanities, and in exciting to every good word and work.

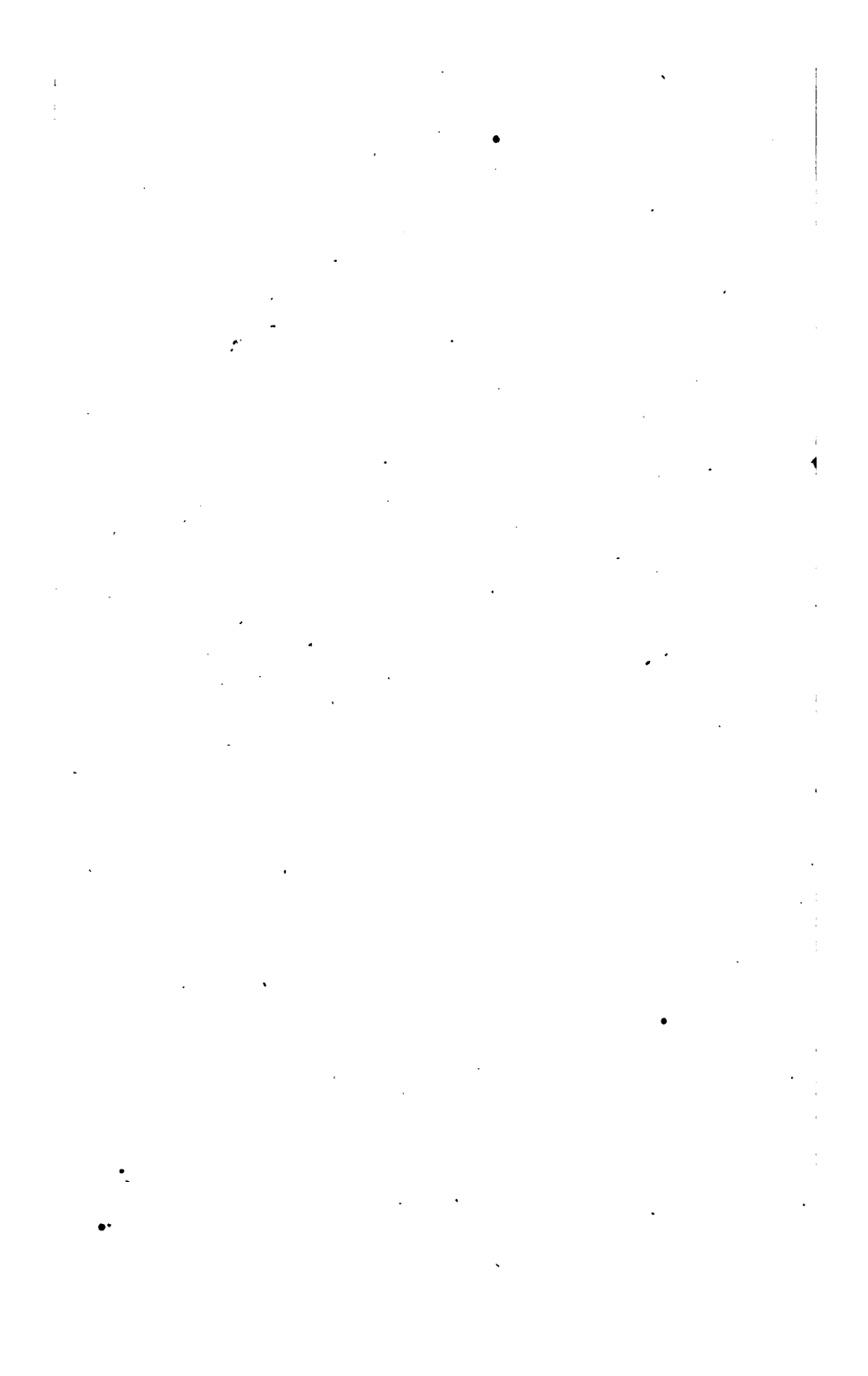
Mr. Woodd was born at Richmond in Surrey, on the 5th day of August, 1760. His father and mother were both natives of the same place. Of the former, little is known. It only appears that in the course of a few months after his marriage, and while on a visit from home, he caught a cold which terminated in his death, on the 12th of the following January, nearly seven months previously to the birth of this his only child. So far, therefore, the subject of our present narrative was an orphan even before his entrance into the world. But it pleased Him who has so often proved himself to be “ a Father to the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow,” so to sanctify and bless the afflicting dispensation to the survivor, that she was not only enabled to give birth to her fatherless babe, but to act towards him the part of the best of mothers ; by bringing him up

“in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” and instilling into his tender mind those principles of piety, which, under the fostering influence of divine grace, contributed much to the formation of a character, pre-eminently distinguished by a life of the most exemplary devotion to the service of Christ, and of very extensive benefit to his church.

The following is his own statement, as contained in a memoir of his mother, addressed, in the form of a letter, to the late Rev. Dr. Conyers of Deptford, and published in the year 1784.

‘So great a shock,’ he says, referring to the afflicting event of his father’s death, ‘to a mind of her sensibility, could leave no faint impression; nevertheless it proved an eventual blessing, though conveyed in the disguise of woe. By one stroke her mind was severed from worldly prospects, and being rent from the love of the creature, she now began more anxiously to seek the knowledge and love of the Creator. She had from early life been of a devout turn of mind, a strict observer of moral duties, and the ritual of religion; but now, in the day of adversity, she was brought to deeper views of the depravity of her heart and the need she stood in of a Saviour. She perceived the insufficiency of her own righteousness, and the necessity of being born again.

‘Pious friends, who had sympathised in her late affliction, now observed the spiritual concern of her





kindness, her uniform example, and particularly her pious and affectionate letters, when I was about thirteen years old.'

It is scarcely possible, here, to avoid adverting to the numerous instances in which the most eminent and useful characters have traced and ascribed their earliest and most powerful impressions, on the important subject of religion, to the instructions of maternal piety ; as though for the direct purpose of affording encouragement to that part of our species on whom the care of infancy so much devolves, to attend most carefully and assiduously to this very important branch of parental duty. The avocations of a father rarely admit of his taking any large share in this department of infantile tuition: and it would appear as though a *mother* herein possessed peculiar advantages. Cherished in her bosom, and brought up in her lap, the warmest and fondest affections of the infant are usually directed in a peculiar manner to *her* : and the corresponding feeling excited in her own breast is wont to impart a softness and a sweetness to instruction flowing from her lips, such as a father can rarely command, and such as often penetrate and form a lodgment in the tender mind, which a less soothing and insinuating mode of conveyance would probably, if attempted, fail to effect. Be this as it may, the facts of the case are too numerous and too remarkable not to merit the special notice of those to whom this observation is directed.

At the age of about seven years, the highly-favoured child under our consideration, had a very narrow escape with his life, from one of those thoughtless and dangerous frolics which have in so many instances proved fatal. A young relative imprudently took up a gun, and, not aware that it was loaded, pointed it towards him, playfully saying, 'Basil, I will shoot you.' By some unaccountable circumstance he was induced at the moment suddenly to turn aside, and the piece went off in another direction; otherwise he would probably have been shot dead on the spot.

His mother, deeply affected by this providential circumstance, thus expressed her feelings on the occasion: 'May I ever remember, with gratitude to my gracious God, this wonderful preservation of my dear child, and his very great escape.'

He was not long afterwards exposed to a somewhat similar danger from the bursting of a gun which he was in the act of firing.

For some years he was placed under the care of a respectable schoolmaster in the neighbourhood. Of this early period of his life, little is known, except that he was of an affectionate and tractable disposition, and more inclined to literary and philosophical pursuits, both in the way of improvement and amusement, than is usual at such an early stage of existence. He has often observed that he could not say when the Holy Spirit first began to impress

his youthful mind, but that he was not conscious of any decidedly religious feelings until he was about the age of fourteen. But the seed of religious principle, by the divine blessing on that species of pious training, to which reference has been made, is doubtless often sown before the age at which evidence of a decisive character can visibly manifest itself; and the impression is then seen to have been already fixed, which is to fortify the heart against those assaults of temptation to which youth becomes exposed in its progress towards maturity. So, there is reason to believe, it proved in the present instance. When he was about the age of fourteen, he was removed to the academy of the late Rev. Thomas Clarke, of Chesham Bois, a gentleman who was highly esteemed as an able and assiduous instructor of youth, as well as a pious and faithful minister of the gospel of Christ; but where, (as he once stated to an intimate friend,) in spite of all the care and vigilance of the master, he was often under the necessity of witnessing conversation and habits of the most vicious and polluting nature; from the contamination of which, however, he was mercifully preserved; a preservation for which he was probably, under providence, much indebted to the early instructions, cautions, and admonitions he had received from his excellent mother. *How shall I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?* is, no doubt, a question which has arisen in

the mind of many a youth thus early trained, as well as in that of the pious individual to whom it has been ascribed by the pen of inspiration.

It was probably from the scenes he here witnessed, that he conceived the dread he entertained, and so often expressed, of public schools, and that he was induced to undertake the education of his own family, though involved in professional engagements, which were found scarcely compatible with such an undertaking.

With the above clergyman he remained until he was about seventeen years of age, during which time he was very assiduous in his endeavours to acquire both classical and religious knowledge, and was in the habit of rising an hour earlier than his fellow students, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the Scriptures of the Old Testament in their original tongue.

In the month of May 1778, he entered as a commoner at Trinity College, Oxford; where, though he had formed a very modest estimate of his own acquirements, he soon found himself fully competent to the ordinary routine of college exercises; and not being ambitious of university honours, he was induced in a great measure to abandon his study of classical authors, in favour of those in which his heart took a deeper interest, as bearing more directly on the sacred office to which he was aspiring, and to which he purposed devoting all his powers.

The state of his religious feelings at this period may be partly inferred from several little essays, short sermons, and letters written at the time, and which are still extant.

One, entitled 'A Contemplation of a True Christian,' is of too great length to be here inserted, but a few sentences may be given as a specimen of the workings of his mind at this period.

'A rebel loved! an injurer pardoned! a sinner acquitted! bought by the blood of Jesus! Wonder, O heavens! be astonished, O earth! 'Tis matter too high for any but a God to imagine; too arduous for any but a God to perform. The sinner is not only redeemed; the condemned malefactor is not only acquitted; but the vile worm is embraced; the rebel is beloved as a child; the polluted wretch is admitted to endless glory, and a seat is prepared for him at the marriage supper of the Lamb. And for whom is this blessing prepared? who—who has a right to eat of this tree of life? who is the subject of this grace, the favoured object of this wondrous love? Have I a right to claim a part in this blessing? Methinks I can put in my plea, that he died for sinners; and though the fig-tree doth not blossom, nor fruit clusters on the vine, yet methinks I dimly discern the marriage token, and can say, though feebly, "I love him, for he hath first loved me." He has gained my consent and affection in some degree, though small; and the desire of my

heart is to him, and the remembrance of his name. Surely then the carnal enmity must be removed, the hatred must be slain; and is this a work which any but a God could perform? No, the very preparation of the heart is from him. It is his spirit which worketh in us, both to *will* and to do, of his good pleasure; for without me, saith the Lord, ye can do nothing; being unable to quicken our own soul. And will he ever leave his work, and in anger withdraw his Spirit? Oh, where is my hope or consolation, if, after all, I may fall from him and become an heir of misery? But methinks I hear some sweet cheering promise, which affords its medicinal virtues to my fearful spirit: "Thus saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, I will not turn away from them to do them good, but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." Jer. xxxii. 40. "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, nor the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy on thee." Isa. liv. 10.

'Say with astonishment, and with adoration, who it was that made thee to differ. What cause can be assigned? What reason can be given? Look within for a moment, and examine. My every faculty disowns a condition, and unite their coincident testimony in this one exclamation, that the moving cause is not in me. And join thou, O my

soul, in the acknowledgment, and let my every power unite with the apostle in this glorious confession, "it was not for works of righteousness which we had done, but of his abundant mercy, begat he us again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Christ from the dead." Isa. iii. 5. 1 Pet. i. 3. Oh! the amazing goodness of God, the unutterable excellency of divine love! In vain I scrutinize to invent a reason. It always eludes my strictest researches. Every thing cries out, "We are born, not of the will of man, or the will of the flesh, but of God." And Oh! may such unequalled love, and such goodness tune my heart while below; here may I begin the song which shall never end; here attempt in feeble accents, what hereafter I hope to do, when

"Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue."

There also remain several treatises, short sermons, &c. &c. founded on various passages of Scripture, which, though scarcely suitable for publication, evince Mr. W's doctrinal views of Inspired Truth to have been scriptural, and in harmony with his ardent spirit of devotion. The following letter to his mother, dated Trinity College, Oxford, September 15, 1781, may serve as a further specimen;—

‘ DEAREST MOTHER,

‘ By the blessing of God I got safe to Greenwich on Saturday ; dined in London with Mrs. Wood on Monday ; with Mr. Wilberforce on Wednesday ; and arrived here yesterday. I am very comfortable and quiet ; there are very few persons in college, but among these are many of my particular friends. As I shall have a good deal of retirement this term, I wish I may find it profitable, and a means of raising my soul above the perishing things of this world ; though we generally find that adversity serves better than prosperity to cut the cords which bind us to it. It is happy for the soul when the affections are supremely fixed on heavenly objects ; and adversity does not strip us of this world before God has taken our hearts from it ; or at least has made us submissively and thankfully resigned to whatever is his will. And what tends more to encourage such a disposition than frequent meditation upon the glories of the other world ? Then each anxious wish lets go the grasp by which it clings to *this* : and the superior blessings of Canaan more strongly attract the attention in proportion as it dwells on them more frequently. There is the verdant pasture where the shepherd feeds his flock ; there are the lambs, which his arms have carried through the wilderness, grazing without fear of the enemy, and basking in the sunshine of glory. They

who here had but a sip, drink there their fill at the fountain of living water, and God himself wipes away all tears from their eyes. When we lose a friend we weep because he has arrived there so soon; but surely if he could weep, it would be because he was there no sooner. Oh! glorious, incorruptible, unfading inheritance! Happy are they who taste the sweets of its eternal springs! There they see the king in his beauty; there they perceive and admire the wisdom and necessity of all his dispensations; that not one thing was given them but what proceeded from his peculiar love; not one thing denied but what contained some latent evil, nothing taken away but what endangered the possessor. But not even this equals the sight of the glorious Redeemer. Surely the spirit of the departed saint, as soon as it has burst through the veil, rushes forwards into the presence of Jesus the mediator. Here for the first time the eye is satisfied with seeing. I should imagine that the exclamation of the soul would be, 'I heard of his fame, &c. but the ten thousandth part was never told me. I got a glimpse of his face in the valley; I was then more than ravished with it; I thought I was then in the confines of heaven: but *now*, such is the lustre of his glory, that no language but that of Canaan is sufficient to express what the land of Canaan exhibits. Oh! the brilliancy of the heavenly city! Such views are worth living ages to enjoy; such

happiness is worth dying a thousand times to possess.' With such ideas of the blessedness of departed souls, shall I lament—shall I not rejoice over one that has entered into its inheritance? And indeed, my dearest mother, it is both with sorrow and joy that I tell you, a dear friend is now possessing the delights which I have rather injured in thus attempting to describe. Your dear young friend Mrs. K— now sees them for herself. She has been above a week in the presence of her Lord, in complete fruition of the smiles of his love. She has taken her place in the New Jerusalem, and is raising her song of victory to the Lamb of God. I feel for my poor friend Mr. K—. May the Lord comfort him. My paper obliges me to conclude. I remain, my dear mother,

Your affectionate Son,

B. WOODD.'

In the month of February, 1782, he was admitted to the degree of B. A. and on the 16th of March in the following year, he was ordained deacon at the Temple church, London, by Dr. Thurlow, bishop of Lincoln, to the curacy of West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight; a charge, however, on which he does not appear to have entered, no record having been found of his ministry there. He preached his first sermon at the church of his late respected preceptor, the Rev. Thomas Clarke, at Chesham Bois, from

Rev. xxii. 13. *I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.* At this period he was principally engaged in travelling into various parts of the country, preaching at different churches, as opportunity offered; and, when in London, he was in the habit of occasionally assisting those eminent clergymen, the late Rev. Dr. Conyers, of Deptford; the Rev. Richard Cecil, of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row; the Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, and the Rev. William Romaine, of St. Anne's, Blackfriars.

On August 1, 1784, he preached his probationary sermon as a candidate for a vacant lectureship at St. Peter's, Cornhill, from 1 Cor. x. 15. *I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say.* On the 10th of the same month, the appointed day of election, the majority appeared in his favour, and he was accordingly declared Lecturer; though not without incurring some share of that opposition which has been so often evinced towards those who feel it their duty to inculcate the same religious sentiments.

A careful observer of Providence, he has left on record the following notice with reference to this appointment:—‘On looking back to the mysterious events of Divine Providence in the pilgrimage of life, I cannot refrain from mentioning a circumstance which, although it may appear in itself trivial, has in the sequel been intimately connected with some of the most important and prosperous events

of my life. So true it is that the most important results often turn on the most trivial incidents—a practical lesson on the wise man's counsel—*In all thy ways acknowledge God.*

‘An estate near Cambridge, belonging to our family, owing to some pecuniary difficulties, was obliged to be sold. Two gentlemen went down from London to superintend the sale: and, thinking that it would gratify me to see the sister University, offered me the third place in the post-chaise. I readily consented to accompany them, and it was fixed that we should set off on Thursday; that the sale should take place on Friday; and that we should return to town on Saturday.

‘By some error in the arrangement, the sale was delayed till Saturday. The gentlemen proposed returning after the sale as far as Barnet, and that I should set off by a post-chaise early on Sunday morning for Blackheath; having promised the venerable chaplain, the Rev. Moses Brown, that I would take his duty that morning at Morden College. It struck me that this would be an infringement on the sacred duties of the Christian Sabbath, and I accordingly relinquished the excursion.

‘I left Old Burlington Street on Friday morning to return to Greenwich by the two o'clock stage, but on reaching the inn, I found that the stages were gone, and no more expected for two hours. During this interval, while I was amusing myself at

the print-shops, I met with the friend who informed me of the vacancy which had taken place in the lectureship of St. Peter's, and urged me to offer myself a candidate for the appointment.'

On the 12th of September following, his mother had for the last time the pleasure of hearing him preach; it was at the above church of St. Peter's. His text was, *Matt. xi. 28. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* On the 19th of the same month, he was ordained Priest at Westminster Abbey, by Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Rochester, on which occasion also his mother was present, but it was the last time of her ever attending public worship. On the 12th of November following, she departed this life, rejoicing in the delightful hope of a blissful immortality. A letter dictated in her last moments, when unable to write, and addressed to her beloved pastor, the Rev. Dr. Conyers, evinces what were her feelings at this solemn crisis. 'I am dying, and not afraid: I trust I am going to my Father's house. I never was so happy in all the days of my life. I wished to write to tell you what my soul feels in this blessed prospect, that I might bear my testimony to his grace; that I might refresh *your* soul, who have so often refreshed *mine*; and tell you what joy I feel in this prospect. I do not doubt of meeting you in heaven, *and my dear child too.*' The remarks of this object of her fond regard

on the occasion, as presented in the memoir already referred to, are:—

‘ Religion shines in every situation and circumstance of life, but as an incontestible evidence of its own purity and power, it is most transcendent on the eve of dissolution. The Christian, then, like the sun, looks largest when he sets. Humanity naturally trembles at the idea of death. To close the eye on the most beloved objects; to become a pale lifeless corpse; to be inclosed within the narrow limits of a coffin; to become offensive to those who almost adored us; and, concealed from mortal view, to become the prey of worms and corruption, are circumstances which we shudder at the thought of inevitably experiencing. But to see a soul with all those views before it, not merely armed with fortitude, not merely made willing by resignation, but smiling with calm delight at their appearance, and rejoicing with unspeakable joy at their sensible approach—is not this a fact which speaks for itself? Is not this an argument uncontrovertible, an undeniable proof of the support which true religion can impart to its sincere votary? Is it not an animated comment upon the promise, “ I will never leave thee, no; nor ever forsake thee.”

‘ As one whose feelings in a striking manner described the above portrait, I hope, without exaggeration or over colouring the piece, I can present my dearest mother.’

On the evening on which she had dictated her letter to Dr. Conyers, she addressed her son to the following effect. 'I am very happy; I am going to my mansion in the skies; I shall soon be there, and oh! I shall be glad to receive you to it. You shall come in to go out no more. If ever you have a family, tell your children they had a grandmother who feared God, and found the comfort of it on her death-bed. And tell your partner, I shall be happy to see her in heaven,' adding, 'Son, I exhort you to preach the gospel; preach it faithfully and boldly; fear not the face of man; endeavour to put in a word of comfort to the humble believer, to poor weak souls. I heartily wish you success; may you be useful to the souls of many.'

Toward the close of the same evening, after speaking of the boundless love of Christ and his salvation, she added, 'It is a glorious salvation; a free, unmerited salvation; a full, complete salvation; a perfect eternal salvation. It is a deliverance from every enemy; it is a supply of every want; it is all I can now wish for in death; it is all I shall want in eternity.'

In February 1785, Mr. Woodd was appointed morning preacher of Bentinck Chapel, Lisson Green, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, of which he some years afterwards purchased the lease.¹ This formed

¹ About the same time he was admitted a member of a society of Clergymen well known as bearing the designation of the Eclectic Society, composed of twelve members, *ten* of them members of the Established Church, and *two*

the chief scene of his valuable labours, to the termination of his life, comprising a period of nearly forty-six years. At about the commencement of this period, he married Miss Ann Wood, daughter of Colonel Wood, of the East Indies, by whom he had four children, one of whom died in infancy. Three survived her, of whom accounts will appear in the sequel. She herself, soon after the birth of the last, became a victim to a disease which terminated her mortal career on the 23d day of April 1791, at the early age of twenty-six years.

In the Christian Observer, for the year 1828, will be found a series of letters addressed to a family of young children, by that revered and eminently useful missionary, the Rev. Christian Frederick Swartz. These were the children of Colonel Wood, of whom Mrs. Woodd was one. Her father had died at Madras in the year 1775. The letters, it is stated, were written 'as the effusion of an affectionate pastor who had constantly dined at the table of the Colonel, and experienced from him many instances of patronage and protection during the invasion of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali.' It was no small privilege, in that

pious ministers of Dissenting congregations. They met once every fortnight in the Vestry Room of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, for the purpose of discussing some Theological subject, chiefly relating to the duties, trials, difficulties, and encouragements, &c. of the ministerial office. Of this Society Mr. W. appears to have been a very constant and efficient member. In the Christian Observer a few years back, will be found one thousand questions, stated as having been discussed by the Society, and from a title which he is reported to have acquired amongst them, that of *question-monger*, it may be presumed that a large proportion of these questions originated with him.

far distant and idolatrous country, to be favoured with the pastoral ministrations and pious counsels of so truly devoted a servant of God; and there is reason to believe that in Mrs. Woodd's case, to whom four of the letters were particularly addressed, his labours were not in vain. Of this, as well as of her general character and experience, the reader will be able to form the most correct judgment from the following memoir, drawn up by her bereaved husband shortly after her decease, and addressed, in the form of a letter, to a clerical friend, the late Rev. William Goode, then curate and lecturer, and afterwards rector, of St. Andrew's by the Wardrobe, and St. Ann, Blackfriars.

MRS. ANN WOODD.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ In compliance with your request, I send you some memoirs of my late beloved wife, Ann Woodd.

‘ She was the daughter of the late Colonel Wood, of the East Indies, and was born at Madras, Oct. 24, 1764. Our marriage was solemnized Feb. 8, 1785; and it pleased the Great Ordainer of events to dissolve our union, as to this world, the 23d of April, 1791.

‘ The disorder which occasioned this affecting event, was a deep decline, produced by an excess of attention to her maternal duties, following upon a long illness under which she had suffered in the preceding year. Her natural constitution bade fair for more advanced life; but, with all the advantages of sound health, and youthful vigour, she fell a victim to disease at the early age of twenty-six.

‘ The progress of the consumption was awfully rapid. I do not recollect any appearances of the cough before the month of January. From about

the beginning of February a quickness of pulse succeeded. From this time she was attacked with the colliquative sweats, was unable to sleep on her right side, and was oppressed almost to suffocation, if the room was warm. The sweats were removed by medicinal aid by the 20th of February, and returned no more. During the whole of this last illness, she slept well; and seemed disposed to sleep almost all day. She discovered, in February and March, great indifference to all about her, never had any apprehension that she was in danger; and never felt any pain throughout the whole progress of the disorder. The dispensation altogether was to her a dispensation of *mercy*, as well as of *judgment*. This will appear very evidently as we proceed. I shall chiefly confine myself to the state of her mind; and will transcribe for your perusal a few extracts from the diary which I kept during this very severe affliction.

‘I have no doubt but that it pleased God to call her by his grace at a very early period of life. The seeds of genuine piety were gradually and imperceptibly sown and cultivated, by God’s blessing on a religious education. Its progress, however, was as silent as it was real, and marked rather by the security of its root, than by the luxuriance of its blossoms. This was principally owing to the natural closeness and reserve of her disposition; heightened by female timidity, and a scrupulous fear of pro-

fessing any thing more or better of herself than she felt to be strictly true. This was expected to wear off as she grew older ; but, on the contrary, after her marriage it rather increased. As she became more acquainted with the various forms of dissimulation which the world exhibits, she in proportion retired into herself. Disgusted by the hypocrisy of many who insincerely pretend to godliness, she scarcely ventured to allow in her conversation what she thought could be regarded as a decided profession of religion. An insuperable dread of uttering what she did not feel, and a cautious integrity lest she should lead others to think too highly of her character, seldom permitted her to indulge in religious discourse. At the same time a holy jealousy of God's honour, lest, after avowing herself a disciple of Christ, she should by subsequent inconsistencies disgrace the character she had assumed, made her desirous of passing through life rather undistinguished, that the discredit of her feelings might be the less reflected on her profession. These and similar motives so far operated with her natural reserve, that they who were most esteemed by her had often less pleasure and edification in her company than they would otherwise have enjoyed. I believe I must also add, that an assemblage of temporal mercies had, as she acknowledged, a too sensible tendency to abate her earnestness in religion, and to generate a too exclusive regard to sublunary objects.

‘The united effect of the above causes often excited in me great anxiety. The interest which I felt in her spiritual welfare suggested fears and alarms which I did not then know to be groundless. My affection was tormenting itself with its own anxieties in this manner, when it pleased God to visit her with this last affliction. The approach of death, and her own unconsciousness of danger, greatly increased my alarm ; and some circumstances of her disorder excited in me an anguish of feeling such as I had never before experienced. What I chiefly allude to was her extreme nervous weakness and irritability, which exceeded every thing of the kind I had before witnessed. Towards the close of February she was afflicted with violent catchings, occasional startings, and such acute sensations, that she could bear no conversation, nor even the ticking of a watch. Her nervous affections seemed at times to threaten her with suffocation. Various means were adopted, but in vain, during her stay in town. She saw no visitors but her medical attendants.

‘About this time I grew very wretched, and learned indeed what it was to be unhappy. I was oppressed with anxiety about her soul, and yet could not venture to speak upon the subject. One day she just mentioned in a general manner the temporal mercies she had received. I joined with her on the subject, and then said, “ I hope you do not

forget *spiritual* mercies, especially the death of the Lord Jesus Christ for sinners." She waved her hand and answered, "No; but I cannot bear the subject." It affected me greatly; I burst into tears, and said, "I hope you will recover; but if not, I hope you are safe for eternity." She replied, "Pray do not mention that subject, I cannot bear to think of those things."

'This distressing crisis chiefly arose from the state of her nervous system, which seemed not able to sustain the weight of an *impressive idea*. She could not support the fatigue of attention of any kind, either in reading, prayer, or conversation; and if ever I discovered apprehension or anxiety, she was so much agitated, that I was obliged to affect cheerfulness, when my soul truly mourned.

'I now cried unto the Lord; and I desire to record it to the praise of his goodness, that he heard my cry and helped me. I begged of my intimate friends to plead her cause, and mine. Prayer prevailed with God; and, in about six weeks from a day which I now particularly allude to as peculiarly distressing to my mind, I inserted in my diary this acknowledgement; "O my God, I wish for no farther evidence of my beloved's safety than thou hast now in rich indulgence given me." But God saw it good for a while to try me.

.. 'We were to have set out on the 22nd of March for Bristol: but extreme weakness prevented the

attempt. On the preceding day, in addition to Sir Lucas Pepys and Dr. Denman, who had hitherto attended her, I had had a consultation with Dr. Warren. I shall always feel grateful for his plain speaking, though it was like a dagger to my soul. He declared to me that matter was formed in her lungs, and that there was no hope. After a short pause, I summoned courage just to say, "Then, sir, what will be the symptoms of approaching death?" His reply was, "We will not talk upon that subject." They then advised me to leave town, and take apartments at Brompton; and afterwards, if there should be any change for the better, to proceed for the summer to Devonshire, and thence by sea to Lisbon for the next winter. When I went up stairs again, I said, "Well, my dear, the physicians have been consulting what they can do for you." She replied, "Ah! Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God must give the increase." I heard this remark with great pleasure; it was the first serious observation I remember to have heard from her during her illness.

The following week we removed to Cromwell-House, Brompton. I strongly suspected it was the last time she would ever in this world see her little offspring. She bore the ride thither tolerably well; the air seemed to revive her, and she was rather cheerful when she got to Brompton. Our dear little family were taken under the protection of their

grandmother, and removed from the melancholy scene which was now approaching.

‘The change of air effectually removed her nervous irritability; her mind grew calm, and she seemed much to enjoy the situation of the house, which was in a gardener’s ground, the season being remarkably forward. But, while nature on all sides revived, the object that was dearest to my feelings, declined with awful rapidity. Her spirit hastened its return to God who gave it; and it graciously pleased our heavenly Father not to delay the application of those rich cordials which he had in mercy reserved for my support in the trying hour.

‘In the evening of the 2nd of April, we had a little general conversation on the insufficiency of man’s own righteousness, and the hopes offered in the gospel; but she advanced nothing which could be appropriated to her own experience. It was not till the 6th of April, that I obtained from her any satisfactory information respecting the state of her mind. This indeed was a day long to be remembered. Help me, O my God, to record it, and do thou record it on my heart! This day all restraint was removed. “Her tongue was loosed, and she spake and praised God.” She gave me without reserve a narrative of all her experience.

‘On my saying to her, “My love, when do you think your first serious impressions commenced?” She replied, “I am not fond of fixing dates on such

subjects. Many persons create to themselves unnecessary fears, by endeavouring to ascertain the time of their conversion. Almost from my infancy I have felt in a greater or less degree the importance of religion. I can remember being conscious of very serious impressions during my voyage from India; and I afterwards found Mr. Romaine's discourses peculiarly useful and delightful. But I have always been a backslider, and God has again and again revived his work."

'She then mentioned our attachment, and told me that her affection to me began before she was aware of my regard for her, and that when I made proposals to her, she considered it as an interposition of Providence for her good. "After this event," she said, "when we resided at Horwood in 1781, my desires after God revived, and I often spent the whole night in reading and making extracts from religious books. Again, at Bath in 1782, I was excited more diligently to seek after God by attending the ministry of Mr. Percy; and after that, at Orlingbury in 1783; and again by the death of your dear mother in 1784, and by the difficulties which at that time attended the prospect of our marriage. But after our union in 1785, being free from trouble, I abused my mercies, and forgot my God. My serious impressions after this were less powerful, except at particular times; my confinements were always profitable seasons to me, and seemed greatly

to revive my soul ; as did your illness in 1788, at Amwell. But after my recovery from the birth of Hannah, in March, 1789, I again grew lukewarm and forgetful of God, and too much disposed to enter into the amusements of the world, especially when at Southampton. But God saw fit to visit me with affliction ; the inoculation of my children in 1790, led me earnestly to seek his protection ; and when I was first attacked with my painful illness last year, and confined to my room, serious things were brought home to my soul with great power. No event has been so impressive, and, I trust, so sanctified, as that illness. At the time of little Edward's birth, and still more at his death last November ; I seemed to realize eternity, and have felt much more in earnest about religion ever since."

' After this interesting relation, she asked me if I really thought she was a true believer : and added, " O how I lament my past remissness ; if it please God, I hope I shall recover of this illness, that I may live a more holy life, and that we may both of us be more devoted to the service of God." She then said to me with great affection, " I bless God for our union ; I always esteemed it a peculiar favour of heaven, that I became your wife, and I have had a great share of conjugal happiness ; but, oh ! how ungrateful have I been to my God ; in prosperity, I forgot him ; in trouble, I cleave to him. Surely this is a bad sign."

‘A little while after, she said, “What hope could I have, but for Jesus Christ? I am vile throughout; what righteousness can I have of my own? Mr. Walker’s sermon on human depravity, when you read it some time ago in the family, struck me as an exact representation of my own depraved nature. What could I do without the righteousness of my Saviour? It is a delightful expression, the *righteousness of Christ*; O what should I do without such a Saviour!” This last sentence she repeated several times.

‘I could not help saying, after this recital, “What, my dear, could be the reason of your averseness to talking on these subjects with me, especially when you must have known what pleasure it would have occasioned me?” Her answer was, “My backwardness to join in religious conversation arose partly from a lukewarm state of mind; partly from a dread of making a profession of religion without sincerity of heart; and partly from disgust at the affected and irreverent manner in which I have known some people express religious sentiments, while at the same time they were deficient in the observance of the common duties of morality.”

‘O my God! thy mercy overcomes me! I desire to adore thee. I think I now can say, *Thy will be done*. Glory to thee for thy great goodness! This discovery of the state of mind of my beloved partner was not essential to her safety; but oh! it was

essential to my happiness. Now I resign her with no other pangs than those of temporary separation. Take, O my Father, take thy child, thy daughter, to thy presence, whenever thou thinkest best.

Go and shine before the throne,
Deck the mediatorial crown !
Go, those triumphs to adorn ;
Made for God, to God return.

“ I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live ; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.” This shall be my text next Sunday ; it shall, by God’s help, be a day of praise.

The next evening I mentioned that text, “ To them that believe he is precious,”—and added, “ you, my dear, can say this.” She smiled and said, “ Oh yes!” adding, “ what blasphemy and insult to God it is for man to seek salvation otherwise than through Christ !”

‘ On the following morning after breakfast, she desired me to pray with her. This was the first time for a long period she had been able to bear the fatigue of attention to prayer. I read Phil. ii. 2—10. She observed it was a sweet portion of Scripture. I prayed, and especially thanked God for calling us both by his grace, and uniting us in Christ for eternity ; but I could not proceed, being too much affected, and was obliged to pause. She observed that I was overcome, and then said, “ I did not suspect that I was in danger, till I heard

that the complaint was on my lungs. I am sadly afraid of death." I replied, " My love, death is a conquered enemy. Jesus has the power over death ; why should you fear it ? " This seemed to calm her mind.

' In the evening of the same day we had a most endearing but poignant conversation. She said, " If it be the will of God, I wish to be restored, and see my children settled in life ; but I wish it in humble submission. The will of the Lord be done ! " I said, " God is the best of parents, and he will be a parent to your children." She rejoined, " Yes, and God has given them a good father ; but if it were his will, I should not wish to leave them so soon." I replied, " one of them is well provided for." She said, " Sweet little William ! It is a high honour to be the parents of a saint." She then again and again repeated, " I have been very wicked, very wicked : I forgot God in health ; now that I am in sickness I could be always praying. Is not that a very wicked disposition ? Will God receive me ? " I replied, " The prodigal son did not return till he had not even husks to feed upon ; yet he was received ; and whoever cometh to Jesus shall in no wise be cast out." " Ah ! I fear," said she, " I have been a great hypocrite. I have no goodness, no good works ; nothing wherewith to come before the Lord. Happily, the way of salvation is independent of our deserts." In another conversation on the same sub-

ject, she said, "I am a wretched sinner, can there be any hope for me? Surely I cannot be saved." I spoke of the Gospel—its suitableness and sufficiency, and observed, "You have often heard Mr. Romaine exhibit it in this light." She said, "Yes, I loved to hear his preaching; it has been of great use to me; and I love to hear *you* talk of the gospel. Go on, and talk more; it is a glorious gospel, a precious salvation. How should I appear before God without it?"

'On Sunday, April 10, she desired me to read Psalm 103. I went to Bentinck chapel, and called on my dear friend Mr. Abington, (who had prayed earnestly for us,) to acquaint him with the blessed discovery I had made during the last week; but I could not speak, and I thought I should never have told him. I preached on Psalm civ. 33, and we had three hymns of praise. And in the afternoon I preached at St. Peter's, on Levit. x. 3. *Aaron held his peace*. When I returned home she said she had been very happy in her mind, and desired me to repeat that hymn of Mr. Wesley's—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

I bless God I was this day very happy and animated in my public duty, and felt such an overflow of gratitude to God, and acquiescence in his will, that I

scarcely seemed to be in affliction. I wept frequently, but it was from the excess of the joy I felt for the state of my dying partner's soul.

'The next day, alluding to my having been overcome in the pulpit a few Sundays before, while speaking of Abraham's being called to offer up Isaac, she said, "You know it was only to try his faith; for God restored Isaac. This my illness may be only to try *you*, whether you are willing to part with me. God may yet restore me. It is not wrong to desire it; but I would not have a desire without submission."

'In the evening I told her that I had written to inform her mother of the comfortable state of her mind; and that it had given her unspeakable pleasure. Upon this she said, "Why did you tell *her*? you know I never speak on those subjects to any body but *you*." But, said I, "you would wish to give *her* pleasure as well as *me*." This seemed to satisfy her. She added, "I am a very wicked wretch, I have not been so kind to *you* as I ought to have been. I have been too indifferent about your happiness in too many instances. I hope you forgive me. Mr. Walker's sermon on human depravity describes my heart completely. I am too wicked." She then paused, and added, "But to despair would be more wicked still; it would be to undervalue the blood of Christ; it would be to despise God's own approved method of saving a sinner."

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I replied, "The blood of Christ cleanses from *all* sin ; your eyes are fixed only on him." She said, "Oh, no—no—nowhere else." Alluding to what she had said about unkindness to me, I observed, "No one can reflect on any single act of his life with absolute satisfaction. We have both our peculiar failings ; we are neither of us perfect ; but we have both had a strong affection for each other." She replied, (with blind partiality) "*I am not perfect ; but I think you are. You have been a good husband to me ; far better than I deserved. We wished to have lived with each other till old age ; but, It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.*"

‘ On the Wednesday following, I received a very affectionate letter from the Rev. Mr. Newton. I read it to her, and she said in broken sentences, "If it is not improper, give my love to him ; tell him he thinks more of me than I deserve. Tell him that the Lord does all things well. I am a wicked creature, and things are dark ; but I have faith against faith. I cannot distrust the promise of God ; it would not be right to do so. Tell him whether I live or die, all is well, and I believe will work together for my good. I have had a long illness ; what should I have done, if I had not fled for refuge to the hope set before me in the gospel ? Tell him not to forget me in his prayers." In the evening she again said, "I have not behaved to you as I ought to have done. I intended to have acted

better. I have been very wicked. I have no hope but in the merits of Christ. I know that my Redeemer liveth." She then desired me to read Clarke on the Promises. She observed that they were precious promises. I repeated Dr. Doddridge's hymn, "Jesus! I love thy charming name." And she afterwards repeated those lines of Mr. Hervey's—

" Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies ;
Even crosses from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

and added, " Jesus is my friend and my Saviour, but I have been a sad backslider ; I have not used the means of grace as I might have done ; divine ordinances keep the soul alive." I said, " There are promises particularly addressed to backsliders. " Yes," said she, " thank God there is this, " I will heal their backslidings ; I will love them freely." "

' On Thursday, April 14, after breakfast, I read to her, Rom. viii. 1. She remarked, " No ! blessed be God ! there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. I trust I am in him." On the following day her mind was very calm ; she expressed great consolation on my reading to her Isa. xliii. 25, and repeated several times with great feeling, " Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee ; " and desired me with a pencil to mark this, and some other passages.

‘The next day my dear friend Mr. Pearson, at her particular desire, came to see her. She conversed with him, I believe, nearly an hour, on the subject of her illness, and her proposed journey to Devonshire, and after that, turning the subject to the state of her soul, she observed, “I am a wicked sinner; but I have an all-sufficient Saviour, and I can trust in him. I have heard people talk of giving up their own righteousness for Christ; but I could never find that I had any righteousness to give up. No, there is nothing good in me; yet I cannot doubt; that would be to undervalue the blood of my Saviour.” She then enlarged on her views of trusting simply in Christ, and not looking to any marks or evidences as the ground of confidence towards God; spoke much of the implicit actings of faith, and how faith honoured God by resting simply on his word. She evinced a clearness of perception on this point, which greatly astonished me. She mentioned to Mr. P. the pleasure it had given her to hear him say, that once when he was ill, he could not bear an idea, could not pray, or hear the Scriptures read: and called him her spiritual pastor, as well as medical friend. In the evening she resumed the subject, and said, “I am very wicked; I never did any thing truly good; I never said any thing good; I never had a good thought; I have been very dissipated in my mind, fond of the world, and forgetful of God. I have nothing with which to

appear before God. But blessed be his name, he gave his Son, his own Son, to redeem mankind. Poor sinners may therefore come to God through him. The invitation is, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money." As such I come. My trust is in the friend of sinners, and as a miserable sinner I come to him." I said, "My love, I am very thankful that God has given you such a deep acquaintance with the human heart, and such clear views of the gospel; yet I must say, that excepting a little irritability of temper, you have lived a very innocent life, and been very free from outward sin. But the more we grow in grace, the more we shall see of our own corrupt nature." She instantly exclaimed, "O no, I am the very chief of sinners, I have neglected God, I have lived without God, I have abused his mercies." I observed, "St. Paul used the same language before you did; it is the common acknowledgment of all who know their own hearts." After a short pause, she said, "When we go to Devonshire, take Omicron's Letters, and the Pilgrim's Progress. You remember how Christian was encouraged when he gazed on the cross. I do as he did: I look at the cross; I lose my burden as he did. Jesus died for sinners; I believe it, and I can rest upon it."

'On Sunday, April 17, the Rev. Mr. Buckley having kindly offered to take my duty at Bentinck

Chapel and St. Peter's, I stayed at home. I proposed reading to her a discourse on the love of God; as displayed in the gospel of Jesus Christ; but, to my great astonishment, she desired me to read Mr. Walker of Truro's second sermon on the helplessness of man. I objected to it, as being of so tremendous a description. I wished rather to direct her attention to the Saviour: but she persisted in her desire, and listened with great attention to the first three heads, occasionally remarking, "It is very awful, but very true. I know it by experience." Then she sweetly adverted to the gospel, and exclaimed, "What hope could there be without such a Saviour? What a mercy to have such a Saviour! This Saviour is God's own Son. Here I rest my hope."

'The preceding conversations evinced that there was in her a remarkably deep sense of sin, and an entire freedom from self-righteousness. She preferred close, practical truths, and the more they probed her heart, the more eagerly she listened to them. At the same time she had such reviving views of the gospel, that I never heard her express a sentiment of despair; scarcely even of anxiety respecting her eternal safety; she was calm, placid, happy, without rapture, and without apprehension. She was in a frame of *patient waiting for Christ*.

'On Tuesday the 19th, conversing with her sister on the importance of religion, she said repeatedly,

"I wish I had been more serious ; I hope when I recover I shall think more of God. I remember how Archbishop Usher on his death-bed lamented his many lost opportunities. It is a serious thing to die. I desire to die like him, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." This evening the sky was beautifully clear ; the moon and stars shone very brightly before our window. She fixed her eyes on these glorious objects, and after some pause, said, "God is omnipotent—absolute—sovereign:" then paused, and proceeded, "God is gracious ; he "forgiveth all my iniquities ; he healeth all my diseases."

'She had been for some time very rapidly declining, but hitherto in a great measure free from pain. Now, however, her sufferings became more distressing, and she was reduced to extreme helplessness. In my journal I find the following insertion, dated April 20: "O my God! having no doubt, through thy rich grace, of my beloved wife's admission to endless glory ; seeing her now helpless as a babe, and beginning to suffer pains which I perceive must daily increase ; and regarding her recovery as utterly hopeless, I feel this day, for the first time since our union, willing to part with her. O my Father, take thy child, thy daughter, to thy bosom, where her pains will cease for ever. She has been dear, very dear to me ; but much more so to thee ; this present dispensation assures me of it.

I can therefore now part with her ; satisfied that to depart and be admitted into thy blissful presence will be better for her than to remain. Blessed, for ever blessed be thy glorious name, that though some while since I was full of fears and doubts, I can now say that *I wish for no farther evidence of her safety than what thou, my God, hast graciously given me.* I still feel the struggle of nature ; I dread the parting moment ; but my affection for her overcomes my own interested feelings. Haste, happy spirit, to those mansions for which thy God has prepared thee. How will my beloved mother rejoice to receive thee ! How will thy own sweet little William exult at thy coming. Yea, many—many will congratulate thee on the event which I deplore. O blessed interview ! though I cannot now share its triumphs, I still trust one day to receive thee again.”

‘ Occasionally, when she was well enough, we took an airing through Hyde Park. On one of these occasions, the day being very fine, and the Park full of gay company, as she was leaning on me, almost fainting, I could not forbear saying to her, “ How much rather would I see you in your present reduced state, with a prospect of heaven before you, than in the midst of health, gaiety, and splendour, and at the same time as unconcerned about eternity as, I fear, are most of those around us.” She smiled, and feelingly replied,

"O yes, there cannot be a moment's hesitation on that point."

'On Thursday the 21st, being too unwell to join in any conversation, I took the opportunity, as she lay asleep on the sofa, of writing to her brother in the garrison of Gibraltar. Just as I finished my letter she awoke much revived, and said, "Give my kindest love to my brother; tell him I hope that in the gaiety of the army he does not forget eternity. Heavenly joys are far before earthly happiness." She added, "I feel myself naked—poor—undone in myself; but I look up to Christ, the Rock of ages; there I rest; and I wish my dear brother the same happy experience."

'The next day was Good Friday. She was so ill the preceding night, that I several times imagined she was no more. However, as I knew that nothing now remained for me but to wait the approach of death, I did not disturb the servant. About four in the morning I sat up in bed, and, looking on her, involuntarily said, "My poor suffering, but still rich, happy Nancy!" She was only in a doze, and, looking up, said, "Wherein does my happiness consist?" I replied, "In that you are redeemed by the blood of the Lord Jesus. The great God is *your* God: he will keep you while you live; and when you die, he will receive you to his arms." She smiled, and said, "O! that is charming; it is excellent. Precious Saviour!" A little while after, I

said, "Do you know what day this is?" She answered, "Yes, it is Thursday." "No," said I, "it is Good Friday." She replied, "It is the day on which Jesus suffered for sinners. Should not *we* be willing to suffer too? The disciple should be as his Master; and (blessed promise) if we suffer with him, we shall reign with him." She continued so ill all the day, that I almost expected she would have died on the sofa. But in the evening she again revived, and desired me to read to her Mr. Walker's sermon on the glory and grace of Christ. She heard it with great pleasure, and made a few pertinent remarks on the glory of the Gospel; but was soon exhausted.

'In regard to my own feelings, this was to me a day of extreme suffering. My spiritual consolations seemed to be all withdrawn; and practical truth appeared to have lost its influence. O Lord, what is man! On Wednesday, I could say with acquiescence, *Thy will be done.*' I could rejoice in my dear wife's approaching glory, and felt willing to wait my own dismissal: but to-day, my feelings are like Jonah's. I am angry with God. I can neither pray nor praise. My soul has been full of tumult. I feel no resignation. I cannot give her up; I cannot bear the stroke; I see its approach, and cannot ward it off. How unbecoming, how hateful are such dispositions! I flee with them, as my load of sin, to the cross of my Saviour, and record it as a painful memento of my great frailty, and an

evidence that without the grace of God, I can do nothing. Lord, pardon my sin, and sanctify me more and more.

‘On the morning of Saturday, the 23rd, she seemed better than I had seen her for some time. She sat up in bed; her colour returned in her cheeks; her eyes sparkled, and she looked beautiful and lovely, her countenance expressing nothing but placidity and happiness. I could for some time have flattered myself with a hope of her recovery; and little suspected that the loveliness she was now exhibiting, was an earnest of that perfect beauty which she was very soon going to assume. After this she complained of a violent pain, or spasm in her right side. I applied hot flannels, and then gave her twelve drops of laudanum, which afforded her almost immediate relief. I assisted her to lie down, little thinking that our separation was so near. In a minute she was pale as death; a profuse cold perspiration came on, and her eyes began to fix. I went to her and said, “My precious Nancy!” She looked at me quite composed, and said with a tender emphasis, “O! how we love!” I answered, “Yes, I dearly love you; and, what is better, my Saviour loves you too.” She looked again with a smile of expressive acquiescence, but did not speak. This was our last interchange of sentiment; these the last words which I was ever to hear from her lips. She almost directly fell asleep, and never afterwards.

sufficiently revived to utter a word which I could understand; and I rather think she was not again perfectly sensible. When I perceived death to be at hand, I knelt down by her side, prayed in broken accents as well as I was able, and commended her soul into the hands of her Saviour. At 12 o'clock the conflict was over. My right hand was joined to hers; and thus we parted, in hope of meeting again to part no more. Death was thus to her unattended with any circumstances of horror. She suspected a degree of danger sufficient to solemnize her mind; but the danger was over before she was aware of its near approach. She lay down to sleep, expecting a temporary refreshment, and never waked till she joined the society of the blessed before the throne of God. Desirable dismission! *to pass the dark valley unconscious of its shades!*

‘My mind was more tranquil than might have been expected. I felt resigned; I felt strongly convinced of the justice, wisdom, and goodness of God: my own unworthiness; and the awful necessity of affliction. My heart seemed in some degree to say, “It is the Lord—I will be dumb, and not open my mouth, because he hath done it.”

‘When I awoke on the following morning, my sorrows again revived, and my views of life seemed to present a chasm awfully wide. “Ah, my lovely partner!” was the silent language of my heart, my tears partake of joy, as well as of sorrow. I do

most sincerely congratulate thee on thy felicity. I think with infinite pleasure on the scenes which thou art now witnessing. Thou hast seen the adorable Saviour, Jesus. He, as on this day (it was Easter Sunday,) rose from the tomb, attended virtually with the thousands of his redeemed. *Thou* hast realized his ascension, and art now gone up on high to behold him. Perhaps thou art at this moment gazing on me, and wondering at my sorrow. But forgive me. Nature will feel, and ought to feel. Yes,—my Saviour did not disdain to weep at the tomb of Lazarus.

‘ On Saturday, the 30th of April, her dear remains were removed into their last receptacle. She was buried at Richmond, in Surrey. The Rev. Mr. Newton performed the mournful ceremony. O my God, what scenes have I been called to witness ! But why should they so much affect me ? Though the day of her interment was a peculiarly trying one to me, yet I had only to take leave of the apparel which she had thrown off. This was not my beloved wife ; no, she lives—she still lives ; the essential part is not dead ; she herself is before the throne, clothed in white raiment, with a palm in her hand ; her true life is now beginning, and it will end no more ; she is now realizing in her own experience those animating words of the Saviour. *He that believeth in me shall never die.*

‘ I have thus, my dear friend, transcribed a cursory

detail of some particulars of the last illness and death of my late beloved wife, which I noted down at the time. But I cannot conclude without adding one or two remarks which this narrative has suggested.

‘The first is, that true grace may for a long season lie dormant in the mind. In the instance of my dear wife, the seeds of religion were early sown; they were for a long time latent, and their existence doubtful; but they sprang up at the last, and brought forth fruit to perfection.

‘My next remark is, how graciously our heavenly Father condescends to the feelings of our weak nature; not suffering us to be tempted above what we are able to bear. “He knoweth whereof we are made; he remembereth that we are but dust.” With regard to my dear wife; she had constitutionally a strong dread of death, such as I never before or since saw equalled. I could mention instances of her apprehension which would scarcely be credited. The tolling of a bell, or any similar token of mortality, made her quite wretched. It would appear, therefore, to have been mercifully ordered, as if with a direct view to this distressing infirmity, that death should come to her gradually, and without pain; so as not to alarm her with any token of its immediate approach. She only beheld the king of terrors, as we see probable evil, at a distance; and was at the last translated without any

consciousness of the change. As to *my own* feelings, the painful dispensation was not less graciously mitigated. It had pleased God to hide from me for a season, the spiritual state of my dear partner; and when her last illness came on, this had become a source of inexpressible anxiety to my mind. I did not then suspect that this satisfaction was reserved as a cordial to support me in a time of great trial. I now bless God for this his great goodness; and, while I praise him for all that is past, O may he give me grace to trust him for all that is to come! Surely, I cannot but trust him *now*.

‘ My first interview with our three dear little babes, after the removal of their tender and affectionate mother, revived for the moment all the pangs of separation: . . . But I will not further enlarge. I have already had sufficient cause to commit all my concerns to the Lord; and may he who preserved *me* when a helpless, fatherless infant, be their God—and mine; that when we are called to quit the present scene, we may join the happy spirit, whose loss we now deplore, before the throne of God and the Lamb.

I remain, with great affection,

My dear friend,

Your's, very faithfully,

BASIL WOODD.’

No account has been left on record of the plans adopted by the bereaved husband immediately subsequent to this painful dispensation. It will be recollected, that at the time of his removal with his afflicted wife to Brompton, his children had been placed under the care of their grandmother; but what arrangements were made on his return home does not appear. After the lapse of about a year, 'bereft,' as he himself states the case, 'of an endeared partner, and reduced to a state of solitary widowerhood, with a family of three children, the eldest only six years of age, the youngest about three;' he ventured to form another alliance, and on the 3rd of July, 1792, married Sophia Sarah, the eldest daughter of William Jupp, Esq. an architect in London; in whom he found an amiable and most valuable associate—one who was capable of entering into all his plans, and of aiding him in many of his pious exertions for the benefit of a numerous and daily increasing flock. It was soon after this period (in the year 1793,) that he purchased the lease of Bentinck Chapel, where the value of his ministry soon began to be increasingly felt, and his labours to assume a more extended range. These were not confined to the exercises of the pulpit. They attended his every movement, and pervaded all his plans. In the church, or in his study; at home, or abroad; in the chambers of the sick and dying, or

in his more ordinary and general intercourse with society; he uniformly appeared the minister of Christ—always about his Master's business—like him, ever "going about doing good."

'Full well,' observes one who became intimately connected with him soon after this period, when his ministry might be considered in its spring-tide of operation, 'Full well can I recollect the time, when gazing on him with silent admiration, I have felt ready to exclaim, "Surely, if ever minister of religion might be pronounced truly blessed, you are that minister: eminently endowed with almost every requisite qualification; unquestioned personal piety, a well-informed understanding, a sound judgment, a lively and fertile, but chastened imagination, a ready command of appropriate expression, a clear and distinct voice, a graceful and winning address;—attended by a crowded and warmly attached auditory, who appear to hang on your lips with the most affectionate delight—united in the most endearing of earthly bonds with one of the most amiable of women—encircled by a group of sprightly and affectionate children, planted like so many olive branches round about your table—courted and caressed by persons of all ranks, and of every age; favoured, moreover, with an ample share of the means of doing good, temporal as well as spiritual, and with a heart to dispose of them to the glory of God and the benefit of a large and

populous neighbourhood, abounding with objects of want—"the eye which sees you blessing you, and the ear which hears you bearing you witness," &c. —Surely, if peace, contentment, joy, and gratitude to the Great Giver of all good dwell in any human bosom, it must be in your's."

At this period, and subsequently for a long series of years, his house was the much-frequented and glad resort of an extensive circle of acquaintance, all of whom appeared to deem it a peculiar privilege to be admitted to his social parties; visits which rarely failed to be rendered both pleasing and profitable. For, while cheerful, and frequently playful in his conversation, he eminently possessed the happy art of so intermixing pious sentiment with ordinary remark, that it was scarcely possible for any one to quit his company without feeling himself bettered by it.

While his parlour was thus open for the reception of the higher classes of his congregation, his hall and study were equally open for the reception of the poor of his flock, to whom he regularly devoted nearly the whole of one day in every week, for the purpose of listening to their various tales of woe, and of administering to their necessities, temporal or spiritual. As he kept a regular entry of all his visitors, of whatever rank, it appears that often to the amount of eighty or ninety individuals had an opportunity afforded them of stating to him their various distresses

and wishes in the course of one of these public days.

It was about this period that he began to take a more than usually deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the rising generation. He commenced with the establishment of what has been denominated the Bentinck School, consisting of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty children, instructed, and partly clothed from a fund raised by his congregation for that purpose. Several other schools in the neighbourhood found gratuitous accommodation in his chapel, in various galleries erected at his own expence for their reception ; such as the girls of the Clergy Orphan School, then resident in the immediate neighbourhood ; a School of Industry, situated in the Edgeware Road, consisting of orphans or very poor children, educated and wholly maintained by public subscription ; the Philological School, or School of General Instruction, instituted for the education and clothing of a hundred boys, sons of naval or military officers, professional men in needy circumstances, decayed merchants, or other respectable tradesmen, supported also by public subscription. To these were afterwards added, two large Sunday Schools, one for boys, and the other for girls. For the benefit of these, he composed or selected various tracts of catechetical instruction, on which he examined them from time to time, privately at their respective school-rooms, or at his

own house, as opportunity offered, and publicly in the afternoon of every first Sunday in the month; and truly delightful it was to behold him on these latter occasions, addressing four or five hundred children collected before him, with an affection and an eloquence peculiar to himself, and which, as there is every reason to believe, left a salutary, deep, and lasting impression on the minds of many. His ministry, indeed, was altogether eminently calculated to conciliate and engage the attention of the young. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;"—"Know thou thy Creator in the days of thy youth;"—"I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me," were themes on which he could dwell with an interest and effect, such as few besides him could command; and such was the pleasure with which he engaged in these exercises, that he has often been heard to say, he could contentedly devote the whole of his ministry to the service of children, if such should appear to be the call of duty.

Allusion has been made to his means of imparting *temporal*, as well as spiritual benefit. It may not, however, be amiss to observe, that at the early part of the period now in review, those means were much less ample than was generally supposed. In a memoir which will appear in its place, (that of his late much and deservedly beloved wife) has been found the following remark. 'At the period of

our marriage, my income was but small. The lectureship of St. Peter's, Cornhill did not raise £40. per annum: my office as morning preacher and joint minister of Bentinck Chapel, little more than that sum; and my personal fortune had been materially injured by the villainy of an agent, to whom I had improvidently trusted the chief of my property, when intending a voyage to Madeira for the benefit of the health of my first wife.'

But after the lapse of a few years, a large legacy was unexpectedly bequeathed to him by a member of his congregation, the late John Way, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, a gentleman 'with whom,' as he observes, 'he had had no acquaintance, independently of his attending his ministry at Bentinck Chapel.' The following extract from his journal, with reference to this munificent bequest, will be deemed highly interesting, on account of the pious determination immediately formed in regard to its disposal, a determination peculiarly characteristic of the man.

'It has pleased God in his providence this year, (1804) to increase my property, by a legacy from John Way, Esq. to the amount of £10,000. four per cent, Bank Annuities. Of this I desire to devote £1000. to his blessed service, as a poor acknowledgment of my infinite obligations to his providence and grace, imploring his condescending acceptance of the offering.'

This sum was accordingly forthwith distributed in large donations to several religious institutions, and in relief of some peculiarly urgent cases of temporal distress.

It may not be amiss here to observe in passing, that a tenth part was the proportion of a person's annual income, on which he was disposed much to insist, as proper to be devoted to religious and charitable purposes, as far as could be rendered practicable; a rule of distribution to which he himself strictly adhered almost to the last, even when unable to do it without infringing on his little capital.

In the month of January 1808, a much attached member of his flock, the late Lady Robert Manners, presented him to the living of Drayton Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire; memorable as having been once held by the celebrated Richard Hooker. He found the parish in a most deplorable state; the church almost deserted, rarely more than from half a dozen to twenty individuals assembling on the Sabbath; and scarcely a child in the parish capable of reading or writing. By the blessing of God on his pious exertions, his auditory rapidly increased, soon amounting to from four to five hundred. Numbers flocked to him from the neighbouring town of Tring, and other surrounding villages, delighted to listen to the glad tidings of salvation, from the lips of one whose spirit and conduct so richly adorned the doctrines he inculcated.

In this secluded spot he was wont, for many years, to spend a portion of the summer and autumn, happy in discharging the meek duties of a village pastor, and introducing amongst his rustic flock those little treatises of piety which he had been accustomed to circulate on a more extended scale when in the metropolis. While thus refreshing the souls of men, in this his more retired sphere of labour, he found his own spirit reinvigorated, and his strength from time to time renewed, for the resumption of his more laborious services in town.

In this delightful course of unremitting and useful labour he was proceeding from year to year—"blessed and a blessing"—when that atmosphere of joy, in which he had appeared hitherto to breathe in undisturbed tranquillity, began to assume a lowering aspect, and to indicate a threatening storm; as though to prove that uninterrupted happiness is not to be expected in this world of sin and suffering, even by the most devoted and highly-favoured servant of God. His own words will best describe the painful reverse of experience now referred to. Alluding to Mr. Way's large legacy, he says, 'Alas! how little capable we are of appreciating what is really beneficial. My dear son, a lovely, amiable youth of seventeen, was so dazzled by this increase of property, that it relaxed all the sinews of exertion, ensnared him with gay, dissipated society, and eventually brought him to the silent grave. His

uncle, General Wood, had most kindly appointed him a cornet in his regiment in Bengal. His name had appeared in the gazette, and he was desirous of entering the service. I had seen, in my youth, sufficient in the army to make me dread military life, especially with a pliable disposition like his; and I entreated him, as a special regard to my feelings, not to proceed. With great affection he yielded to my importunity, and resigned the commission. In 1805 he directed his studies to surgery; and, alas, how little can human foresight determine what is best. The gaiety of his animal spirits, and the profligate society to which his profession exposed him, led him to those habits of dissipation which made havock with his constitution, and he died of pulmonary consumption on the 19th of March, 1811, at the early age of twenty-three.'

This proved a heavy stroke. The following memoir of this most engaging and interesting, though sadly-erring youth, penned by his amiable and then mourning parent, will present the most correct picture, both of the character of the one and the feelings of the other.

MR. BASIL OWEN WOODD.

BASIL OWEN WOODD was born in the parish of St. Marylebone, July 14, 1787. He was a child of a remarkably amiable, affectionate, and generous disposition. He was also very tractable, and easily managed; had a great taste for little mechanical contrivances, and domestic amusements. His faculties of mind, however, I then considered as but moderate: he was slow in comprehension, and extremely inattentive. But as he grew up, his mind expanded, his talents became respectable, and his comprehension, especially in the studies of his profession, unusually quick and retentive.

The great affection which I experienced from my children, the delight which I derived from their society, the dread which I had of the difficulties they might encounter if separated from a parent's attention, and an opinion that a domestic education was attended with the least danger, determined me, with the advice of friends whose judgment I highly respected, to bring them up at home—a determina-

tion from which I have derived the most heartfelt satisfaction. Being fully persuaded, also, in my own mind that religious truth cannot be inculcated too early, and that children, almost in their infancy, acquire principles and habits from the influence of sympathy and association, it was my first object, in prayer and dependance on the grace of God, to endeavour to conciliate my young family to the knowledge and love of God their Saviour. Before they were three years of age they learnt short prayers, and were instructed in the duties which they owed to their Creator and Redeemer. Whenever any thing amiss occurred, the punishment was a temporary suspension of their parents' favour, till they became sensible of their error; they were then sent, for a few minutes, into a room by themselves, to kneel down and ask of God to pardon the offence, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and to grant them grace for the time to come. This method was extended to sinful words and tempers: and how trivial soever such records of domestic habits may appear to the reader, they were found most endearing and effectual in my family.

In order to implant in the tender minds of my beloved children an early knowledge of divine truth, I accustomed them regularly to attend our family worship, when they heard the word of God, and joined, as they grew up, in singing his praises. These have, indeed, proved some of the most

delightful seasons of family endearment I have ever known. They had all a taste for music. The dear departed youth, as he grew up, was our organist, and family prayer often proved a season of great enjoyment—an earnest of that day when, as I pray and hope, we shall all meet to join in praise for evermore.

My little choir is now interrupted, my organist has taken his flight; he has resigned his instrument for a golden harp; but I bless God I still daily worship in spirit with him.

I was accustomed, once a week, at the time of family prayer, to examine my children upon the church catechism, with a brief explanation of it, and a summary of doctrine and duty in the words of Scripture, abridged from Bishop Gastrell's *Christian Institutes*. Afterwards, as they grew up, sections from the Bible were substituted, and also once a week they composed a short theme or essay on some religious subject; in addition to which, on Saturdays, I read and explained to them some suitable treatise on a religious subject, such as Robertson's *System of Divinity*, Scott's *Essays*, &c. The beneficial tendency of this early instruction appeared in its effects. The subject of this memoir, at the age of eight years, was no stranger to religious reflection. At that early period he took great delight, when alone, in reading that excellent little work, Bishop Kenn's *Manual for Winchester Scholars*.

His sincerity in these private devotions I can have no doubt of, because, though he knew the pleasure such a circumstance must have afforded me, yet he never mentioned it, nor did I know it till he was upon his death-bed. He then told me how very serious his mind had been at that period, and added, ' You borrowed that book of me, and forgot to return it, and I was so shy and reserved on the subject of religion, that I could not ask for it again.'

I mention this trivial incident as a hint to parents to furnish the chambers of their children with a Bible, and a few select and instructive religious books. They will probably read them oftener, and with more attention, when no eye sees them, than when in the presence and under the inspection of their parents.

I cannot recollect that my son outwardly discovered at this time any particular appearance of religious disposition. He was extremely volatile and playful. His chief companions were his sisters, nor did he seem to care for any other society. Such was the caution which I deemed expedient in the choice of his acquaintance, that at the age of ten he had never spent a night from home. About this time, however, a relation, from the best of motives, introduced him to a youth of his own age; and, as we supposed, of good disposition and behaviour.¹ He was brought by this means into other

¹ This youth proved a deceitful, unprincipled character; was afterwards an officer in the army, and died of a decline, in the depth of poverty and disease.

society ; his amusements were gradually and imperceptibly removed from under the immediate eye of his parents ; the purity of his mind was injured, his respect for his parents lessened, and his relish for domestic enjoyments much abated.

From this period, in the retrospect of a series of painful reflections, I date the beginning of my parental sorrows. Suitable acquaintance for one's children is an object of great importance, but attended with much difficulty. Society they must have ; exercise they must have ; boys cannot be altogether confined to the domestic circle ; and there are scarcely any to be met with who will not injure each other. From the age of about fourteen they are the objects of increased anxiety, especially if designed for a profession. Those who are intended for trade are about this time put out apprentices, and if under the immediate eye and authority of their masters, may escape many snares and temptations. But, alas, here again, how very few masters pay the least attention to the moral and religious habits of their apprentices ! The parent, who with a just sense of the importance of religion, contemplates the disposal of his child, recoils with anxiety and apprehension. The very sight of the house where his son is to be apprenticed, suggests fears of the bad example which he may receive from his companions, the temptations which may endanger his integrity, and various other influences

by which the minds of many well-disposed youths have been fatally corrupted. On the other hand, the idleness, the vacant hours, the dissipated habits, the gay, thoughtless society, and too often the scepticism and profaneness with which the schools of physic, the courts of law, and the universities themselves, are, alas! infected, cause a parent's heart justly to tremble. In either case, he contemplates the destination of his child, as the launch of a vessel on the tempting, uncertain, and perilous ocean of human life. He finds that, after all, he can only act according to the best of his judgment,—be as careful as possible in the choice of his child's acquaintances, connections, and pursuits, commend him by earnest prayer to the care of his heavenly Father, and leave the event to the disposal of his providence and mercy. If his plans succeed, let him ascribe all the praise of the success to the grace of God; if disappointment be the result of his endeavours, let him learn from this most agonizing trial, the lesson of submission to the mysterious sovereignty of heaven; and let him remember, as some solace to his mortification, that the sons of one of the best of men, “the sons of Eli, were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord.” Let not, however, the parent's heart despond; let him consider the dispensation as designed to teach him submission to the divine will; to impress on him the sin and helplessness of man; and to inculcate the

necessity of prayer, the importunity of which has often prevailed with God. Let him adopt every means in his power to bring his child to repentance; and perhaps, even though in this life the gratifying assurance may be withheld, his labour may ultimately not be in vain in the Lord.

It had been my highest ambition that my son should be a clergyman; and I directed his studies with that view; nor did I anticipate any particular impediment, except that I was apprehensive lest, when he went to college, his extreme good nature might render him an easy victim to the temptations of seductive society. But in the year 1805, when I proposed to him to become a member of the university, I perceived in him, to my extreme surprise and mortification, an appearance of hesitation; and, as the subject was frequently adverted to, I found, that he entertained objections to the clerical profession. These, though I felt extremely chagrined, I could not but in part admire and admit the force of. He alleged that the church was a sacred profession, that it required great application, seriousness of mind, and consistency of character, and that he did not feel sufficiently sedate and pious for so solemn and responsible an office. As these objections had certainly great weight, and seemed conscientiously urged, with the advice of friends I yielded to their force; and, as he was always partial to medical studies, and particularly to surgery, I reluctantly

consented to his relinquishing my own profession. This was a determination which was afterwards by both of us bitterly repented of.

About this period his uncle¹ presented him with a cornetcy in the 8th regiment of Light Dragoons, then stationed near Delhi in the East Indies. He was much disposed to accept it; the prospect of military promotion was very flattering, and his name appeared in the Gazette. But I felt a great dread of the dissipations of the army. I apprehended that his being removed so far from the sphere of parental influence might relax all those restraints which I was persuaded his filial affection still tenderly felt, and I trembled lest a country where the influence of the Christian sabbath and religious instruction was scarcely known, might greatly, if not wholly, obliterate the impressions which it had been my labour for many years to fix and substantiate. I therefore requested him to oblige me by resigning the commission; and he most affectionately complied with my request.

How little, alas, can parents anticipate the issue of their decisions! From this time he applied himself to surgery and physic, and gradually fell into a circle of dissipated, profligate, sceptical acquaintance; worse, I believe, than the army itself could have easily furnished. Not but that there were in the circle of his professional connections, men of

¹ Major General Wood.

principle, of the strictest morality, and of unaffected piety : but in the intervals of lectures, and especially at the dissecting rooms, he was unavoidably exposed to the very refuse of society ; and he had not sufficient firmness of mind to meet the jest of the profane, the sneer of the profligate, or the seductive fascinations of the world and sin. London is the theatre of danger. In the metropolis, sin presents itself in its most alluring forms, and combines the too frequently irresistible union of opportunity and temptation.

“ Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.” How shall a young man escape youthful lusts which war against his soul? “ The wise man saith, Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.”¹

In the course of five years, the temptations of his profession, alas, proved fatal to his morals and his health. His temper was so very lively, so unguarded, unsuspicious, and pliable ; his natural disposition so very generous, affectionate, and engaging ; his manners so sprightly, cheerful, and conciliating, that he soon appeared unequal to encounter the dangers which, on his leaving a parent’s superintendence, immediately surrounded him.

Though my parental anxiety was constantly on

¹ Let young men especially read the 7th chapter of Proverbs.

the watch, and tremulously alive with apprehension, I did not suspect that the snares of the metropolis had gained so fatal an ascendancy, till the autumn of 1807, when I received the painful intelligence of his being involved in bad acquaintance, and an accumulation of debts. I had put into his hands a little tract, which I partly drew up for his benefit, entitled, *Advice to Youth*; and had he followed the cautions therein contained, he might have been now living, prosperous, respected, and useful; but through the influence of sin, temptation, and pernicious society, he chose, alas, the path which leads to destruction, and found, as it invariably proves, that he had left the path of peace, and that the wages of sin is death.

They, and they only who have passed through the fiery trial, can correctly judge of a parent's feelings under such a dispensation of providence, or adequately sympathize with his anxiety. After being relieved from his embarrassments, he was, for a time, considerably more steady, discreet, and attentive; but the return of the season of lectures, again exposed him to the same series of temptations, and his resolutions again failed in the day of trial. About the close of the year 1809, and the spring of 1810, my anxiety was at its height. Perplexed in the extreme, not knowing what plan to pursue, bewildered by the discordant opinions, and contradictory advice of friends, I often reflected on the

words of King Jehosaphat, " Lord, I know not what to do, but my eyes are upon thee."

It may be useful to others, both parents and children, to point out what I conceive to have been the chief sources of my son's grievous departure from the right way.

He had been in early life, punctual in his attention to the important duty of prayer ; but by degrees he became remiss in his devotional exercises, and as dissipation and sin gained the ascendancy, he almost wholly discontinued them. Prayer is the strength of the human soul ; it is not strange, then, that good resolutions should fail, when the grand means of preservation from evil is neglected.

His time being wholly at his own disposal, he was free from all control in the intervals of professional lectures. Had his profession been earlier determined upon, he might have been regularly articulated to some gentleman in whose family his time and conduct would have been duly superintended ; but being only a general pupil, he was under no restraint, and was left almost without a chance of escaping from the wretched society to which he was unavoidably exposed. Owing to the great distance of his own home, he was under the necessity of taking his refreshments at taverns, in common with many of his fellow-students, and consequently, spent much of his time in their society. To this he was at first greatly averse, and often spoke to me

with abhorrence of the profligate language of medical pupils. I knew it full well. Never shall I forget the scene I once witnessed in a dissecting room; the gross indelicacy of language, the irreverent treatment and exposure of the human body, the hardened indifference with which the most affecting instances of mortality were regarded, the assumed contempt of death, the ridicule with which any serious remark was treated, and the wanton profanation of the name of God. This reckless mockery of sin, in the very midst of that death which sin has brought into the world, has been sufficient to create in my own mind a wonder, not that my poor son, irresolute and susceptible as he was, should imbibe the contagion, but that any youth should escape its polluting influence. Sin, alas, hardens, and society assimilates; and the horror of vice is worn off by familiarity with it. Such was the case in the present melancholy instance. Any appearance of serious reflection in my son, was treated by his companions with contempt and ridicule; he was assailed with infidel insinuation, with raillery, with wine, with temptations of every kind, and presented in their most alluring form, while, as his dangers increased, the strength of those principles which alone were capable of preserving him, was gradually more and more enfeebled. In the mean time, the remorse to which his fatal compliances gave rise impelled him into a course of intem-

perance, which his companions did not fail to take advantage of, and encourage for the purposes of their own conviviality.

Another source of evil was his excessive love of music. He had fine talents, and a very harmonious voice. These proved a snare to him. His associates delighted in bacchanalian songs; he joined in them, often led the air, and was vehemently applauded. Profligate sentiments were insinuated into his mind, through the medium of exquisite harmony; and what was worse than all, the desire of gratifying his taste for music, attracted him to that seat of corruption, the theatre, where vice triumphs, and sin exults without restraint.

The counsel of injudicious—I would hope, not ill-designing friends, was another fatal source of mischief. Some of them were very culpably active in suggesting to him that he was a youth of independent fortune, and that on coming of age, he would be intitled to the possession of considerable property, of which his father, from prudential motives, had kept him in ignorance. All this was totally false; but the pernicious idea operated most injuriously in many ways; especially, it tempted him to incur great expences, and to borrow considerable sums of money, under the idea, that in a few years he should be able to satisfy all claims upon him. So impressed was his mind with this delusion, that till his last illness, he would scarcely believe that he had

been deceived. I desire to forgive, and I pray of God to forgive those persons who encouraged him in this error, but I can never forget that they were among the first contributors to his ruin. They also acted most cruelly in accommodating him with sums of money without my knowledge, and contrary to my request. One in particular, more cruel and insidious than the rest, suggested a method of raising money by bills, on his father's credit, which, had it not been detected and stopped in time, would have proved absolutely ruinous.

Such were some of the causes which I conceive to have operated most destructively upon my son's character; not only in producing remissness and inattention in the studies of his profession, but in alienating his mind from those excellent principles of conduct to which his good sense and amiable disposition would otherwise have inclined him to adhere.

And yet there was at all times one favourable feature in his moral character, (the effect, undoubtedly, of his religious education,) that, although constantly exposed to the attacks of infidelity, he never swerved from his own faith. He also retained great respect for all truly religious persons, and how inattentive soever to his own spiritual welfare, he never ceased to care for that of others. Often has he asked me for religious tracts, especially for one entitled 'The Day of Adversity,' to distribute to the suffering patients in the hospital, or the workhouse.

Often, when he could obtain an opportunity, has he privately crept close to the bed of the dying man, and directed him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

Filial affection, also, remained strong in him, during even the most hopeless period of his moral history. This affection excited him to make frequent resolutions of amendment, and often to bind himself by the most solemn oaths, (laying his hand upon the Bible) that he would avoid the scene of temptation, and the society which ensnared him. He has often, with his arms round my neck, in a flood of tears, expressed his regret on account of his past conduct, and his determination to reform. Nor was this determination the less sincere, because it gave way, perhaps, before the attack of the next temptation which encountered it. A relation, at whose house he occasionally slept, has informed me that he frequently observed him sit and weep, and bitterly lament his want of resolution; he would then compose the agony of his feelings, by saying to himself, 'I hope some time to get the better of these evils; I hope I shall yet be given to the prayers of my father.' These words he uttered, not in a light and irreverent manner, but as if the hope which they expressed, was his only preservative against despair.

The plan which I myself adopted with a view to his recovery was,—to set apart more time than usual for prayer in his behalf; faithfully and seriously to

remonstrate with him, occasionally when he came home at night after our family had retired, to pray with him alone ; never to refuse him admittance, at however late an hour, and frequently to sit up myself for him ; always to treat him with all the kindness possible ; and to write to him, when absent, in the most affectionate manner of which I was capable.

By the divine blessing, this plan appears to have operated favourably. I never at any rate, had occasion to charge him with want of affection ; and since his decease, I have found, carefully preserved amongst his papers, the letters which he received from me. One of these I shall here subjoin,—

‘ MY VERY DEAR BASIL,

‘ Accept my thanks for your kind letter. It was a real relief to my mind, which was growing very anxious about you. I trust, that by the divine blessing, you will long be preserved to us ; and that not only your bodily health may prosper, but in due time your circumstances, and above all, your soul. The account you give of the ravages of the scarlet fever is very awful. May the melancholy scenes of mortality which we are both perpetually witnessing, not lose their designed effect, by the frequency of their occurrence ; but excite us to prepare for that inevitable moment, when death will pronounce upon each of us the sentence, “ Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.”

‘ I am thankful to God, my dear Son, to hear you express a desire to correct in yourself what has been a cause of deep regret to all who love you, and who alone are your real friends. May you be enabled to keep your good resolutions. To do this, you will find three things necessary—to distrust yourself—to pray for that divine grace which alone can keep you from falling—and to avoid the avenues which lead to evil. When our blessed Saviour taught us to pray, “Lead us not into temptation,” he spake as one who knew what was in man. Human resolutions have been compared to the green withes which bound Sampson, and which the first efforts of the strong man rent asunder. Such you will find them in your own case, unless you look up for divine assistance. Especially guard against gay company, and bad women. “Let not thine heart incline to her ways,” says Solomon, “go not astray in her paths; for she hath cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.” Here, alas, (such is the propensity of man to this sin,) even to listen is to be ensnared, to enter into temptation is to be overcome, to parley is to fall.

‘ I have no other ambition, my dearest Basil, than to see you a respectable character, useful to your fellow-creatures, and serving the Lord God of your fathers. Aim sincerely at the latter, and you will

secure the former. It may also please God in his providence to make you by this means a prosperous man; but this I am not ambitious of. Unless prosperity comes with the divine blessing, I prefer its absence.

‘ We shall all rejoice to see you next week. May the eternal God bless and keep you, and bring us at last to meet in the presence of his glory !

Your ever affectionate Father,

B. W.’

Drayton, August, 1808.

The following is a letter which I received from him, in answer to one which I had written on the subject of his extravagant expenditure.

‘ MY DEAR FATHER,

‘ It is with great grief and concern that I reflect on my expenditure, and am sorry beyond expression, that it has ever been a source of distress to your feelings. I do assure you, my dear father, that I hope never again to be the cause of any uneasiness to you, and am fully resolved to alter my conduct. Indeed, I *have* done it, and hope for the future, by the blessing of God, to be steady and attentive in every thing I am concerned in ; as I plainly see, that my character will otherwise be irrecoverably lost. Should this, indeed, be the consequence of my folly, I shall have no one to blame but myself ; and my loss of reputation will be a just reward for my misconduct.

Sin is progressive, and one vice produces another. In my own case, however, my errors are, I think, owing to want of resolution, rather than to wrong intention. I have done things in the evening, which in the morning I had determined *not* to do. It is, notwithstanding, my sincere prayer, that my mind may be more and more impressed with the impropriety and sinfulness of my past life, and that I may have firmness of resolution to resist the temptations which daily surround me.' * * * * *

This letter indicates a sense of the *impropriety* and *immorality* of the course he was pursuing; and by the great mercy of God some providential circumstances occurred from time to time, which were calculated to remind him also of its extreme *danger*. I desire to record a few of these occurrences, and I do it with a feeling of unfeigned gratitude to the Most High God.

In the summer of 1806, he was strongly solicited to join a Sunday water-party. Conscience, however, whispered in his ear, that this would be a breach of the divine command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" and the remonstrance of the inward monitor was happily loud enough to be attended to and obeyed. The party went without him. On their return in the evening, the pleasure boat ran under a barge, and the whole party, except three persons, perished.

On another occasion, as he was riding up the Hay-market, his horse fell, and he was in imminent danger of being crushed by the wheels of a stage-waggon. He was rescued by a passenger, and brought home almost insensible, at about eleven o'clock in the evening. I can never forget the misery of that night. It will be best judged of by its effects. A paralytic affection seized me the next day, and, as I have since understood, was by my medical friends for a time regarded as alarming. To the unmerited mercy of God, I ascribe the praise of my son's escape from death, and as I then judged, from death eternal. Had the waggon crushed him, it must have transmitted his soul into the immediate presence of a God whom he was then awfully neglecting. He often in his last illness referred to this escape, and never without expressions of great gratitude to his Almighty preserver.

He was once greatly affected by a sermon which I preached at Bentinck Chapel, from Matt. xvi. 26, 27. "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." He told me that on no account would he have been absent on that occasion. He afterwards even conversed very seriously with the family about the worth of the

soul. The impression lasted for some time, though at length, alas, it wore off.

A circumstance which had great influence in finally recovering him from the paths of sin and destruction, was a visit to a pious clergyman in Berkshire. in the month of August, 1810. The kind reception and hospitality he there experienced were well calculated to conciliate a mind of his affectionate sensibility. Religious conversation was introduced so delicately, and guarded so carefully from every thing which might offend, or which could justly be deemed intrusive, that it had in a great measure its designed effect.

Of all duties, that of reproof and admonition requires the most judicious management. The very same observation may be so presented as to conciliate friendship, or to confirm hostility. In the subject of this memoir there was an uncommon delicacy of sentiment and feeling. He disdained and resented even the most salutary counsel if administered in an offensive *manner*. Nor were these points of delicacy confined to those cases where the offence was against himself. He never willingly wounded the feelings of another; nor do I recollect that he ever evinced more indignation, than when he observed in any of his neighbours a proud and supercilious behaviour towards their servants or inferiors. We have often conversed together on the subject, and have agreed in reprobating such

conduct as an offence against our common nature, and as especially unworthy of the Christian. Indeed, my son, notwithstanding his own great inconsistencies, had conceived a very high idea of the standard of moral excellence, and the intrinsic loveliness of the religion of Christ; and, not sufficiently aware of the general imperfection of human nature in its best estate, he would scarcely allow that meanness or unkindness could exist in a real Christian.

To a mind thus constituted, it was natural that the candour, kindness, and affection which he experienced at B——n, should prove highly attractive. He left this family with heightened sentiments of the excellence of true religion, and resolved by the grace of God to lead a new life, and to avoid that society which now in the strong light of contrast appeared to him the proper object of disgust and abhorrence. He, notwithstanding, expressed a great dread of being again exposed to the temptations of London.

In October of the same year in which he had paid this visit to Berkshire, he came to spend a month with us at Drayton. His health appeared good, and his spirits in their usual high tone. In filial attention he appeared even more than commonly affectionate; and often remarked that he never felt so happy as when under his father's roof. He discovered a great desire of improving his mind, and

applied himself very diligently to study, particularly in surgery and medicine. He also commenced the study of the French language. But what afforded me the greatest pleasure was, that at times he evinced an increasing pleasure in religious duties. He was constant in his attendance on family prayer, and engaged with a gratifying cheerfulness in religious conversation. On one occasion, I recollect his relating to our parish clerk some anecdotes of pious children which had occurred at Bentineck chapel. I cannot express the delight which this afforded me : I had feared that all such things were forgotten and obliterated, as a dream when one awaketh ; but I found to my great satisfaction that, though his memory had, alas, been plentifully furnished from other and far different sources, yet these early associations had not vanished past recall. What an encouragement to parents always to pray, and not to faint !

Our minds, eager as we were to notice every symptom of reformation, though almost afraid to take encouragement, could not but begin with trembling hope to anticipate a rest from our anxiety, a recompense for past sorrows, and the great joy of seeing all our children walking in the truth. I was almost indulging the fond hope that my beloved son might yet become a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ ; in which case I had purposed to make him the offer of quitting a pro-

fession so full of danger, and directing his attention to the University and the church. Alas, how little we know what shall be on the morrow. ‘Dant fata, nec ultra asse sinunt.’ My narrative from this point is a record of his last illness and death!

Early in the year, an accident had occurred to which he frequently attributed the first injury of his lungs. He had dined and spent the evening with some relations in the city, and left them to return home at ten o'clock. As soon as he came out he observed the sky of a fiery red colour, and on inquiry, found that there was a dreadful fire near the Thames, in Water Lane, Fleet Street. His natural ardour hurried him to the spot; but it was so occupied by the volunteer corps that he could not get near it. Determined, however, to satisfy his curiosity, he went to Blackfriars Bridge, and most imprudently resolved to take a boat, and be rowed opposite to the spot. The waterman refused taking him unless the money was first paid; this was accordingly done; the boat was immediately crowded; and, on their approaching a lighter, which was moored at no great distance from the fire, the waterman advised them to go on board it, that they might have a better view of the progress of the flames. No sooner had they done this than the man rowed off, and returned no more. The consequence was that he was detained on board this lighter, in a cold damp night, above three hours,

and did not reach Paddington till four in the morning. From this time he became subject to a short cough, the nature of which led him to suspect that tubercles were forming on his lungs.

The circumstance which proved the more immediate occasion of his last illness, occurred on the 6th of November. His very friendly disposition, always ready to oblige, had induced him to undertake to visit the patients of a medical gentleman who wished to spend a few days at Oxford. Returning from a ride of sixteen miles over the Chiltern hills, he was exposed to a severe north-east wind, and a very heavy fall of rain, and was wet through. That no time might be lost in making up the medicines, he went immediately into the laboratory for half an hour, then remounted his horse, and proceeded two miles further, and, with his usual defiance of caution, never put off his clothes till night, though frequently urged to change them. By this means he greatly increased his cough, and in the course of a few days appeared very unwell. The period of the London lectures now required his attendance, and on Monday the 12th instant, he left Drayton. The day was severely cold; and after travelling twelve miles in a stage coach which was crowded with passengers, he relinquished his place in favour of a lady who was desirous of going to town, mounted the roof of the carriage, and travelled twenty miles, exposed to a piercing east-wind. By

this kind, but imprudent conduct, he received a severe chill, and on the following Friday, when I returned with my family to Paddington, I found him confined to the house with a violent inflammation of the lungs. He was in good spirits, assured me that there was no real danger, and that in a few days he should probably be quite recovered. But, alas, in the course of a fortnight there appeared very alarming symptoms of pulmonary consumption ; and within the space of four months his life, as to this world, was brought to its close.

On the 23d of November, Dr. Hooper and Mr. Chevalier visited him, and expressed great anxiety about him. They would have recommended a voyage to Madeira, had the season of the year, and the state of the times admitted it.¹ Dr. Hooper observed that he had often forewarned him that his imprudence and irregular habits would eventually destroy his fine constitution. This communication greatly alarmed me, but my hopes revived, when I perceived no sensible alteration during the course of the following week. By the advice of his medical friends, he was removed into a warmer room, which was regulated by the thermometer, to the temperature of 55°. He spent the evening of the 1st of December in the parlour with the family. It was the last time of his ever coming down stairs.

¹ It was then a time of war.

The following morning a young man came to him on business. On his entering the room, he said to him, with a very solemn countenance, ' See what I have brought myself to. I have no one to blame but myself. I have led a very bad life, but I desire to repent, and turn to God.' When I took leave of him in the evening, after he had retired to bed, he said, ' I trust this affliction is sent in mercy.' When I expressed my concern, that his visit to us at Drayton should have been the occasion of his illness, he replied, " I look upon it as a great mercy. Had I come to town, and joined my former companions, I might have returned again to my irregular practices, and have been cut off in a few days by a brain fever, or by inflammation of the bowels, as poor Miss H. J. was, with no time afforded to me for reflection. God has been very merciful in sparing me in former dangers. It is a great mercy that this inflammation is upon my lungs; it gives me time for prayer and repentance. I hope I shall not disregard the lesson which this dispensation is designed to teach.' At another time he observed, ' By this illness I have been a loser in medical knowledge, but I hope I am gaining heavenly wisdom.'

On the 11th of December we had a consultation of physicians. Their general opinion was, that his lungs were in a state of partial ulceration. They considered his case as not absolutely desperate, but

certainly very critical. When I bade him farewell in the evening, he took hold of my hand, and with great affection and tears, said, " My dear father, your kindness and tenderness have been the most powerful restraint I have ever known : they have often brought me back to your house, when my embarrassments have tempted me to go on board a ship, and return no more. Oh, how often have I wept and prayed, and bound myself with oaths to abandon my former follies ! But it was all in vain. I was miserable, made repeated resolutions of amendment, and as repeatedly violated them. I brought fresh guilt upon my conscience, and could have killed myself for my folly.' Referring to the opinion which had been given by his medical friends, he observed, " I hope, if it should please God, I may still recover ; but if not, what is time, when compared with eternity ?'

In the morning of the 13th. he conversed very piously with some young surgeons who came to see him. The Rev. W. M. called in the evening, to whom he said, that he considered himself a dying man, and quoted many passages of Scripture, which gave him much comfort. Speaking of the joys of heaven, he said, ' I think a principal part of its happiness will consist in being free from *temptation*.' Mr. M. expressed himself much delighted with the interview.

A few days after, I, for the first time, observed

decisive symptoms of consumption. To one of his sisters who called about this time, he said, 'I am certainly very ill. How uncertain is every thing in this world! I little thought how soon I should be called to meet the solemn event of death; but it is a great mercy that I was not cut off in a moment. I now find the advantage of a religious education. I have not every thing to learn. The little hymns of Dr. Watts, and others, which I learned when a child, are now often very pleasant to think of, when I am not able to read. I hope I feel thankful both for this, and for the many pious friends I have around me. A young man passed by my window to be buried last Friday, who, I fear, has been fatally deceived by the flatteries of his friends. Being more moral than the generality of the world, he was assured by them that he had nothing to apprehend from death. What an awful state is this to die in! what a poor qualification with which to appear in the presence of a holy God! There is but one qualification, the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin.' After this he expressed the pleasure he had derived from a visit of the Rev. J. Mann, and said, 'He has suggested to me, that as a sick man, I should speak to others, particularly to young people concerning death and eternity. For this hint I feel much obliged, and long to do something that may glorify God.' On his sister's retiring, he said to her, 'Do not forget to pray

for me.' She replied, 'In my father's extensive connexion, you are prayed for by many excellent people.' 'Yes,' he rejoined, 'I delight in that thought. The prayers of the righteous avail with God. The world can do nothing for me now. As to my past life, I cannot bear to think of it; it is too much for me. Oh! pray that I may find mercy.'

By his desire we had for some days had our family prayer in his chamber; and as he retained his love of music, we had procured a piano forte, and he generally joined his voice in our hymn. On the morning of the 18th. he was so feeble, that he could not unite with us. The physicians thought him much worse. In the afternoon he was so much exhausted, that, for the first time, he felt it necessary to lie down, and slept for an hour. He revived, however, in the evening, and conversed with two young surgeons from the parochial infirmary, appearing earnestly desirous of impressing on their minds a sense of the importance of religion.

On the following day he appeared much better, and we again had our family prayer in his chamber. He remarked with a heavenly composure, 'I doubt not, in whatever way this illness terminates, it will be for the best; I sometimes think that God will raise me up, and show to the world the change his grace hath wrought: if not, it *must* be for the best for *me* to be in the presence of God. I have been most graciously dealt with: I have been brought

from my wanderings by the good shepherd, with a very gentle hand. I sometimes fear that my convictions of sin have not been sufficiently deep. I certainly do grieve sincerely for my past conduct, and for the anxiety I have given *you*.' I endeavoured to soothe his mind by observing, that true repentance consisted in the turning of the heart to God, and that whether it was produced by the terrors of the divine law, or by a sense of divine mercy, the contrition of the heart would be equally effectual. In the evening he said to his sister M. 'I have had a delightful conversation with my father. I cannot express how kind also my mother is to me. She often reads to me, and points out passages of Scripture suited to my case. She has indeed been a good mother to us all. I earnestly pray that we may all prove blessings to her.' He then observed, 'I little thought when I saw you ill in this room, that I should so soon occupy your place. I am in the hands of wisdom and love, and, whether for life or death, God's will be done.'

On the 22nd he seemed much worse. In the evening, when I proposed his removal to the south, provided the weather would admit of it; he said with a placid solemnity, 'I believe there is but one journey for me, and that is to Paddington churchyard. But I feel cheerful and willing to go, if God appoints it.' He also made some remarks respecting the manner in which he should wish to be

buried. I could not refrain from tears, and said, 'I fear I distress you.' He replied, 'No, indeed you do not. I have most tenderly loved you as my father: we shall, I trust, meet again.'

On the 25th, Christmas-day, he said, 'I have been reading bishop Hall's Contemplations on this day. I wished to direct my mind to the glorious subject. We are accustomed to hear of these mysteries from our infancy, but the greatness of the love of God never before struck me as it does now. It appears to me as quite a new subject. I can scarcely think of any thing else. How differently did I spend last Christmas-day! Though in a sick-room, and perhaps on my death-bed, I feel far happier than I did then. I have heard of the grace, and love, and glory of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, alas! thought little of it, but now the name of Jesus Christ delights me. Oh that I could trust him more! I feel at times a great dread of death; but I think again, if I am under my Saviour's care, when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I need fear no evil, for He will be with me, and conduct me safe to heaven; and, once there, I shall be safe for ever.'

In the course of the day he inquired of his sister H——, what hymns had been sung during the service, and then repeated twice the beautiful composition of the celebrated Cowper,

'My song shall bless the Lord of all,' &c.

and when he came to the last verse,

‘Of all the crowns Jehovah wears,
Salvation is his dearest claim,’

he seemed quite elevated with the subject, clasped his hands together, and said, ‘Salvation! Salvation! That gracious word, Salvation! This is too much for a human mind. My own mind is lost in attempting to think of it. None but God could plan it. None but God could accomplish it.’ He repeated several other hymns appropriate to the day, and remarked, ‘These are pleasant helps when the mind is not strong enough for more close reflection.’ His sister observed, ‘There are pleasing varieties even in the service of God, and the powers of our minds are wonderfully adapted to our various duties.’ ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘but if these powers are perverted, they lead us awfully astray. I now see and feel the wisdom of pious parents in imposing restraints on the amusements of their children. Both poetry and music should be regarded with caution. Songs are often a great evil. The mind is soon exhilarated by light music, and bad sentiments are admitted through this medium before we are sufficiently aware of the danger.’

On his sisters calling to see him on the 1st of January, he most affectionately wished them many years of happiness. He then observed, ‘We know not what this year may bring forth; but if we are

followers of Christ, and walk in his holy ways, all will be well. Why should we then be anxious whether we live or die, so long as we are the Lord's? This year has begun to me far more happily than the last. I was then going on in sin. Now, by this sickness, God has delivered me from temptation and danger. Help me to praise Him for his goodness and mercy.' After this he repeated the following lines, said to have been composed by a young gentleman who, like himself, had been reclaimed from a life of profligacy, and who afterwards became a zealous clergyman.

When with my mind devoutly prest,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
Would past offences trace;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleased, behold, admiring too,
The power of changing grace.

This tongue with blasphemies defiled,
These feet to erring paths beguiled,
In heavenly league agree:
Who could believe such lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to thee?

These eyes that once abused their sight,
Now lift to thee their watery light,
And weep a silent flood:
These hands ascend in ceaseless prayer,
O wash away the stains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood.

These ears which pleased could entertain
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,

When round the jovial board ;
Now, deaf to all the enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word.

He then added, ‘ I love those lines ; how well do they describe my own case ! Who could have believed that such lips as *mine* would ever praise God ? ’

On the following day he expressed a desire to receive the Holy Communion ; but added, ‘ I fear I should be an unworthy partaker. I find that my mind grows weak and incapable of attention. I lament my not having better improved my time while in health. The remembrance of my sin is grievous unto me, the burden is intolerable. Yet my fear is, that I do not yet feel sin so heavy a burden as I ought ; I grieve that I feel it no more. The gospel contains precious promises of pardon to the penitent, “ Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and unto our God, and he will abundantly pardon.” ’ I read to him the notes of a sermon which I had preached on the conversion of Manasseh. He applied the observations to himself, and said, ‘ I wish that my convictions of sin were deeper ; I wish that my prayers for pardon were more fervent ; I fear that my words express more than my heart feels ; I fear, lest I should deceive myself ; I often think of those

words of Worgan, 'Dread more the calm of delusive hope, than the storm of mental tumult.'

A few days afterwards, observing that his limbs were much reduced, I was unable to restrain my feelings. Perceiving that I was much affected, he said, 'I have most dearly loved you. I am sorry that you saw my limbs. I may yet recover : but I am not cast down at the prospect of death. Should I be taken from you, you must pass my grave in the church-yard, as you do my great coat in the hall ; you must raise your thoughts to higher objects, and think of me as no more exposed to danger, but safe for eternity.' I replied, 'I will endeavour to recollect your advice ; I will say when I pass your grave, This dust is not Basil ; he is, I trust, safe and happy, and delivered from his temptations. But I know not how I shall bear the parting stroke.' He mentioned this evening, that the first time he ever passed a night in a house of ill-fame, was occasioned by his returning to a friend's house after the usual hour, and not gaining admission. This led him into the temptation ; he fell into the snare of the harlot ; sin gained dominion over him ; and though often, in great remorse, he wept, resolved, and vowed, that he would yield to the fascination no more ; yet, alas ! he found by fatal experience, how few "that go unto her return again." I bless God in the recital of this anecdote ; my conscience bears witness that, however inconveniently irregular were his occasional

hours, he never was excluded from a parent's house. I have not this sin to lay to my charge.

On the 15th of January, we had another consultation of physicians. When I entered his room, he inquired earnestly, but with placidity, what was their report? Perceiving that I hesitated, he urged me the more. At last, I said, 'They all think you worse—decidedly so, within the last fortnight. For my own part, I confess I have for some time had little hope of your recovery. I fear I distress you by my agitation; I wish I could better command my feelings; but I have now told you all the truth.' He paused,—and after a time, said with a firmness I shall never forget, 'Well, I hope I shall feel this an additional stimulus to prepare for eternity. God will do what is best for me. You ought not so much to think of my body, or watch as you do the progress of my disorder; rather you should rejoice at my state of mind, and my prospects of happiness hereafter. I know your feelings are tender, and that at this time you are more agitated in speaking of my death than I am in looking forward to it.' I replied, 'I will tell you candidly how I feel. I cannot without agony see you gradually dying; yet at times I feel resigned. When I reflect on the frailty of human nature, I then begin to tremble at life. In the thought of your recovery, I am ready to say, my dear child is again putting out to sea on so dangerous an ocean that perhaps it would be

better to return to the harbour, and not risk the storm.' He said, 'I think with you, I would rather die than return to my former sins.'—After a short time I said, 'My ambition was to have seen you a clergyman, leading your flock to heaven, and training up the children of your parish in the fear of the Lord. But I must submit. Oh, if it please God to take you hence, may your early death prove a most practical sermon to your young friends, and the large circle of our schools. Your death, my dear boy, may be more useful than many sermons, or than a long extended ministry.' At this last remark, I observed his eyes fill with tears; his heart seemed to ascend in prayer to heaven, and he said, 'Oh! that it may be so indeed!' I just added, 'With all these great consolations, I still feel at times that I cannot bear the thought of parting with you, and it seems as if I could never support or survive the trial.'

On the 22nd, the physicians had another conference. Their opinion was that the ulceration of the lungs had made rapid progress. They apprehended that a month might terminate the disorder with his life. When they were gone, he inquired of me their opinion, and observed, "God bringeth down to the grave, and lifteth up." I may be yet weaker, and recover notwithstanding; but if not, "to depart and be with Christ is far better."

On the 31st, he gave to his constant attendant,

E. D. a copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and writing in it her name and the date, he said, 'You will now know how many weeks you had it before my death.' He was growing much worse, and his countenance at times assumed a very ghastly appearance. In the course of a few days, swellings began to appear in his ankles and legs. He observed it himself, seemed to feel a momentary shock, and remarked to me, 'This is merely the effect of weakness. Could the inflammation on my lungs be removed, these symptoms would soon abate. But I am in the hands of a good and gracious God, whether for life or for death. He is infinitely wise and will do what is best. Our minds are very shallow. It is a most soothing reflection, that the Son of God took part of our sorrows and infirmities. He was weary and fatigued: He was cast down at the prospect of death. This encourages me to trust in Him, and at times removes all my fears.'

At morning prayer on the 9th of February, we sang that beautiful hymn:

Great God of wonders, all thy ways
Are matchless, God-like, and divine.

I played it on the piano-forte to a solemn dirge which had been introduced at Salisbury cathedral. He was very partial to this hymn; seemed to consider it as peculiarly descriptive of his own state of mind, and joined in singing it, with a faint and

tremulous voice. This was the last time he was able to sing the praises of his God. After prayer he expressed great pleasure in reading the following words of the venerable Herbert, addressed to a friend on the day of his death :—‘ I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery ; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter ; for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen.’ Upon which his friend reminded him of his having rebuilt Layton church, and his many acts of mercy. To which he modestly made answer, ‘ They be good works if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise.’

I sat up with him on the night of the 12th. About one o’clock in the morning he awoke ; and said with great sensibility, ‘ How sweet and soothing are those passages, “ Let us come with boldness to the throne of grace,” &c. “ He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession.” “ I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.”’ These passages had been written on the cover of a letter which his friend Mr. R. had left with him. He quoted them very correctly, and commenting on them with great feeling, he said, ‘ What gracious words!—how kind!—how condescending!—“ Remember our sins no more!”—as though they had

never been ! It is thy prerogative to show mercy,
O God !'

The next day he often referred to the following
beautiful lines of Cowper :

O how I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !
It guides me in the peaceful way,
I think upon it all the day.

What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health !
What are all joys compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows ?

Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed ;
Thou madst me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned to thee, my God.

What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caused the smart ;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

Oh ! had'st thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised ;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

I love thee, therefore, O my God,
I breathe towards thy loved abode ;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

This evening, while he was undressing, he showed
me his swollen feet and wasted arms. A few
months ago they were strong and muscular, now I

could nearly span them with my finger and thumb. He observed, with a heavenly smile, 'Well, we must all wear by time.' I replied, 'What a mercy it is to have a prospect of life beyond the grave! These vile bodies shall one day be fashioned like the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

On the 14th, a friend had sent him a copy of H. K. White's Poems. He had been reading the Ode to Disappointment, and I was grieved to observe his mind considerably depressed by it. I felt sorry that it had been put into his hands, and in order to remove the gloom which it had occasioned, I composed the following parody upon it. He read it over twice very attentively, made some comments upon it, and pointed out some inaccuracies which had escaped me, as it was written impromptu before breakfast. The new turn which it gave to the subject, seemed to produce upon his mind the desired effect.

ODE TO EXPECTATION.

A HASTY PARODY ON H. K. WHITE'S 'ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.'

Come, Expectation, come!
In thy full radiance clad;
Come in thy soothing, loveliest guise,
Come, thou fair angel from the skies,
My mournful heart make glad.
May I recline beneath thy shrine,
And round my joyful brow, thy peaceful emblem twine!

My fancy flies away,
 Before thy sacred tread ;
 My meditation from this cell,
 Hears unappalled the solemn knell,
 And soars above the dead ;
 And though a tear by chance appear,
 Yet I can smile and say, my hopes do not end here.

Come, Expectation, come,
 Hence shall I ne'er be hurl'd,
 'With humble hope of sin forgiven,'
 I raise my dying eyes to heaven,
 I look beyond this world ;
 I turn my eyes from vanity,
 And gaze on scenes of bliss, that never, never, die.

True friendship's genial pow'r
 Survives the transient day ;
 Its memory ne'er is obsolete,
 Still it is sweet, 'tis passing sweet ;
 'Tis never gone away.
 Nor does the shade in memory fade,
 When in the tomb on earth, the form belov'd is laid.

This world is empty, vain,
 And volatile, and fleet ;
 I haste to endless, heavenly joys,
 Where never rust nor moth destroys ;
 Where we again shall meet,
 Borne on faith's wing, I rise and sing,
 Grave, where's thy vict'ry now ? Death, where's thy sting ?

Come, Expectation, come,
 How sweet thou art to me !
 Blest herald ! now I own thy sway,
 Since glory fills my prospect day,
 And shines my fears away ;
 When time is done, life's but begun,
 Then may I joyful say, ' My God, thy will be done.'

February 15th. 1811.

In the evening of the 19th. a friend called and played on the Piano Forte, Handel's admired air, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," and Martin Luther's sublime hymn, "Great God, what do I see and hear." It was very melancholy and affecting to observe that he had scarcely strength to attend to his favourite harmonies. He even dozed and fell asleep while Mr. C. was playing.

The next day he selected the following lines as a suitable epitaph to be engraved on his tombstone.

In youth's gay prime, a thousand joys I sought,
But heaven and an immortal soul forgot;
In riper days affliction's smarting rod,
And pains and wounds taught me to know my God.
The change I blest with my expiring breath,
And life ascribed to that which caused my death.
Farewell, vain world. My soul! exult and sing,
Grave, where's thy victory now? Death, where's thy sting?

He read these lines over several times, and had them placed over the chimney-piece, where he would frequently stand and read them.

On the following Sunday he told me, with great calmness, that he had no hopes of recovery, and desired, that instead of being prayed for at church as a young man *in a critical state of health*, as at his own request he had hitherto been, I should substitute the words, *in a confirmed decline*.

On the 26th. I said to him, 'Do you feel distressed with the thought of death?' He shook his head, and observed, 'I do feel cast down; I feel a

fear of death in itself, but thank God, I am not afraid of its consequences. There is a great Intercessor. He is the propitiation for our sins.' I replied, 'Your feelings and fears are all subject to the control of your heavenly Father. He can at any time say to the tumult of the mind, "Peace, be still;" and instantly there will be a calm. "Put your trust in him." He then said, 'Yes, my heavenly Father has been so very kind to me; he has dealt so very mercifully with me, that, if he sees fit to remove me, I can trust in him that he will, before my death, take away from me my fears.'

In the evening of the next day, one of his former companions in gaiety called on him. He desired to see him, and spoke to him with great kindness and seriousness on the importance of having regular hours for prayer and reading the Bible. He obtained from him a promise to follow this his dying advice. Mr. W. was much affected, shed many tears, and remarked, 'I never had such a parting with any one before. I hope I shall never forget it. What would I not give to feel so happy in the prospect of death?'

On the 4th of March, as I was sitting up with him at night, he awoke a little after eleven o'clock, and slipping on his dressing gown, came and stood by the fire side. As I was supporting him, I said, 'My dear, how very thin you are; when will you get strength?' He replied, after a pause, with a

most lovely countenance of peace and joy, 'In another world.' I could not refrain from tears, and said, 'I can scarcely bear to hear that.' After another pause, he looked at me very affectionately, and said, 'Would you not have me go to heaven?' Oh! if it were *you*, if *you* were dying, I should so rejoice to think of your happiness! I should say, 'My dear father is, I trust going to everlasting glory. I should not mourn over you, as you do over me. I should say, all his troubles will cease for ever.' Then after another pause, 'You know if you continue here, you will have trouble. In the world you *must* have tribulation.'

After this he returned to his bed, and said, 'I often sit and think of leaving you and my family, and many whom I love.' Then looking up with a smile to heaven, he added, 'Oh! I think with such pleasure, how I shall meet you all at the right hand of Christ!'

About a week after this, feeling quite exhausted, he said, 'I fear now I shall soon take to my bed. After another week, I shall sit in the great chair by the fire side no more. I shall not hold out so long as I fancied. In this illness my medical knowledge has been of great advantage to me. It has made me aware of my danger; otherwise, notwithstanding my great weakness, I have felt at times so revived, that I could have imagined I was on the point of recovery. It has kept me from deceiving

myself, and I do not wish to be deceived.' In the course of the night, when almost dying with exhaustion, I heard him repeat the lines of Pope.

Hark, they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

He repeated the last line with great feeling, and applying it to himself, said, ' I feel that I am languishing ; I trust it is into life.

On the 15th. he expressed a wish to receive the sacrament. I replied, ' I believe you intended it next Easter Sunday ; you know that this is one of the grand festivals of the church, and a very proper season in which to begin to communicate ; but there is no reason why you should defer it till that period.' He then said, ' I feel the same high reverence for all the institutions of the church which you do ; but of all days, I think Good Friday seems peculiarly suited for the communion. I consider the communion as bringing to our remembrance the great mercy of the incarnation ; especially of the grand sacrifice of the cross. "*Do this in remembrance of me.*" I think we ought to bear in mind this mercy more continually ; whenever we partake of the bounties of providence, or admire the beauties of creation, (he was then at the window gazing on the sky) it ought still to be with remembrance of him.' He was a great admirer of the works of creation,

and during his illness, whenever he looked at the fields, the sun, moon, or stars, they were to him as "handmaids to devotion." He frequently on such occasions repeated the following lines :

Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection ;
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection.

We had now for some time considered his disorder as incurable, but were not aware that the time of his departure was so near at hand. I transcribe from my journal the following account of his last hours.

Tuesday, March 19th.

Dies ista fatalis, necnon gloriosa.
O death ! where is thy sting ?

During the night he felt great oppression on his lungs, and was at times low, but again revived. In the morning, while panting for breath with convulsive faintings, he said to E. D. his constant attendant, 'This is hard work, *hard work indeed* ; but God will support me through it.' After breakfast he appeared much better, and very cheerful, conversing with a carpenter about the plan and dimensions of a stool, to assist him in getting in and out of bed. About noon Dr. Hooper, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Charles Woodd called on him, and informed me that they did not think he could survive two

days. To me he appeared much better. After they had withdrawn, observing his extreme weakness, I said to him, 'I am grieved to see you so reduced and thin. Oh! how should I rejoice to see you recover! I cannot see you suffer without suffering myself.' He waved his hands, and said, 'Do not talk of my sufferings. My sufferings are light and just. My sufferings are not more, they are much less than I deserve. I have acted very wrong; after being privileged with such an education, such friends, and so many religious advantages, I acted as if I had been possessed by the devil, and hurried away by him. I have acted like a madman.' I observed, 'What a mercy that you have now escaped the snare. I feel I owe an eternity of praise to God for his goodness towards you.' He replied, 'You must see me now with far greater pleasure than formerly. How would you have felt had you seen me sinking into the grave without any sense of religion?' I observed again, 'What a mercy it is that you feel so calm and happy! What is it, my dear boy, that you derive this comfort from?' He replied, 'I cast myself as a sinner on the mercy of my Saviour. I rely on him alone, and I trust, I repent truly of all my sins.'

I had this morning been looking over some papers, and had met with the dying prayer of Hooker. I said, 'We have been hindered this morning, shall I kneel down and use it as a form of prayer with

you?’ He said, ‘Yes, I should like it.’ The prayer is as follows—‘I have lived to see that this world is made up of perturbations, and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near: and though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men. Yet if thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, shew mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for his merits who died to purchase a pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time; I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but let thy will be done!’

During this act of prayer he frequently lifted up his eyes to heaven, and in the pauses exclaimed, ‘How beautiful! how beautiful!’ After I had finished this prayer, he said, ‘Now add something of your own. Thank God for his mercies.’ I proceeded according to his wish; and having on my mind the idea that it might probably be the last time we might join in prayer, I returned thanks to Almighty God, who had by his grace, as I humbly trusted, recovered him from the error of his way, and united us in the bonds of the Gospel for time

and eternity. I could not avoid adding my humble petition that, if consistent with the will of God, he might yet be restored; but if otherwise, I commended his soul to the God who had given it, and with the interruption of many mutual tears, prayed that God would grant him an easy dismission, an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven, and that when I myself departed this life, he might be permitted to come and meet me, and that we might spend together a blessed eternity.

About half past one, his two married sisters came to see him. He said to them, 'What a mercy it is that I am not in violent pain.' One of them said, 'It is pleasant to see the hand of God in it.' 'Oh, yes,' he rejoined, 'that makes it easy to bear; that makes it a light affliction. Mercies are all around us. The Bible is the only consolation on a bed of sickness.' He soon afterwards grew faint and exhausted; upon which his sisters retired, to meet him again no more in this world.

About half past two, he sat up in his bed, and asked for his favourite book, Dr. Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of religion in the soul*. He read part of the 30th chapter, section 11th, entitled, 'The Christian honouring God by his dying behaviour.' At about three o'clock he saw from his bed a carriage draw up to the gate. He said, 'It is Mr. Pearson, I shall be glad to see him.' Accordingly Mr. P. came up and conversed with him on the

nature of his disorder till a quarter past three. I little suspected at this moment that the hour of his departure was so near at hand. I went down stairs with Mr. P. but had scarcely left the room, when he was seized with a shivering fainting fit. He said to his constant attendant, E. D. 'I am over fatigued. I have talked too much.' Refreshment was offered him; but he could not swallow it. She then rubbed his legs. He said, 'It is of no use.' Feeling his own pulse, he remarked, 'This is hard work. This is a *dying* pulse. I never felt such faintings as these before. It will soon be over.' This he spoke with surprise, but not with terror. His attendant said to him, 'Well, sir, I hope you feel happy in the prospect of death.' He replied, 'Oh, yes, perfectly so.' She added, 'You will soon see your Saviour.' He replied, 'Yes, face to face.' He then took hold of her hand, and said, 'I hope we shall meet again.' He seemed sinking apace, in cold shivering fits, with profuse perspirations running down his face and neck. He said, 'Call my father.' My youngest daughter ran down stairs, and called to me, 'Basil seems very ill; come up directly.' I came up. He said, 'Help me into bed.' I took him in my arms, and, with the aid of his attendant, helped him into bed, thinking that he was fainting. I observed that he breathed unusually quick, and that the muscles of his throat worked violently. He moved his hands for me to give him

air. I then held his head with my right hand, and felt his pulse with my left; it was very quick, low, and quivering. He said to me, 'I am very ill.' I replied, 'Yes; but you are in good hands; in the hands of a good and gracious God. Now is the time for you to look up to your Saviour.' He smiled, and said, 'I do indeed.' I added, 'You have blessed prospects; all is glory, glory before you.' He said, 'Oh, yes, I trust so.' Then, lifting up his half-closed dying eyes, and looking round tenderly, he said, with a faint voice, 'My mother!' These were his last words. He just looked at her as she stood at the side of his bed; then dropped his eyes, and looked up no more. I perceived that the moment of his death was now rapidly approaching, and said to him, 'Do you know, my dear, who supports you?' He took no notice. I rather think he was at this moment not sensible. I soon observed that his pulse was growing very feeble, and scarcely perceptible; then it quite stopped. After this, he drew three long breaths and expired.

I felt during this trying scene a calmness of mind beyond what I could have conceived possible. I expected that it would have been agony to my soul, but I found my inward strength equal to my trial. After I had put the last question to him, and perceived that all human intercourse had ceased, I felt so strongly the humble and reviving hope, that he was at that instant on the confines of eternal life, that

all my own distress seemed absorbed in the happiness of my child. I could not forbear remarking to my weeping family who stood around his dying bed, that, could we look through the veil of our flesh, we should perceive that we were surrounded by holy angels, and that many who had loved him on earth were now probably waiting to conduct his spirit to heaven, and congratulate him on his escape from the tribulations of the world.

About an hour after his death, my family and household all knelt round the bed on which lay his breathless corpse, and I was enabled to return thanks to God the Father of heaven, who had given me so beloved a child; to God the Son, who had redeemed him by his most precious blood; to God the Holy Ghost, who had sanctified him, who had never wholly withdrawn his sacred influence from him, who had put into his mind good desires, brought him back as a sheep going astray, and had now accomplished in him finally his work of grace. I prayed that this very heavy trial might be beneficial to myself, to my ministry, to my family, my connections, and to the dear youth of my parishes. And I felt that although by means most painful and humiliating, which at times had made me feel as if I were 'too low to be wounded,' yet my heavenly Father, whose ways are in the deep, had heard my prayer, fulfilled my heart's desire, and granted all I had asked for my beloved son.

In the evening the Rev. J. Mann called, and was our chaplain. He read 1 Thess. iv. and they who were able sung the hymn,

Blest are the dead in Christ who sleep,
While o'er their mouldering dust we weep.
O gracious Saviour, thou wilt come
That dust to ransom from the tomb.

On Wednesday afternoon, March the 27th, his remains were consigned to the silent tomb in Paddington church-yard, whither, he had remarked, that he should take his last journey. Mr. Mann performed this last solemn service; and on the following Sunday, March 31, preached two sermons on the occasion at Bentinck Chapel; the one on the duties of parents—and the other on the duties of youth. On both occasions a great interest was excited. The sermons were afterwards published, and largely circulated.

I have now completed the most painful task I ever undertook; so painful that the publication of the memoir has been hitherto delayed¹ by the

¹ From a little address appended to the foregoing memoir, it appears that it was originally intended to have been published as a separate tract for the benefit of the youth of his congregations both in town and in the country: for a postscript is added—'A copy of this will be given to every youth leaving school.' But from this purpose, for reasons that are not stated, he was diverted. Of the address, the following is a copy:

TO THE CHILDREN ATTENDING AT BENTINCK CHAPEL, AND DRAYTON
BEAUCHAMP.

'MY DEAR CHILDREN,

'These memoirs were written for your benefit. They are very painful to me, and have pierced my soul with many sorrows. They contain the

extreme anguish which it cost me to re-peruse a detail of facts, the recollection of which was almost more than my weak nerves were for a long time able to sustain. But when I considered that no less than four hundred young people in different schools usually attend divine worship at Bentinck Chapel, besides many others connected with the congregation; when I considered how many were growing up in the circle of a large family connexion, most of whom were acquainted with the circumstances of my dear son's conduct, and how many from various motives might be induced to read such

history of a most amiable and a most affectionate son, who was, alas, drawn into sin by bad company, to which his profession and residence in London unhappily exposed him. The wound which his death has inflicted I shall carry to my grave. My desire is that you may profit by it. Many of you knew him. He is now dead; still let him speak to you. Avoid the errors into which he fell. Avoid the sins which brought him to an untimely grave. Shun the bad company which ruined him, and made the hearts of affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters, often to bleed. If any of you have been drawn aside by sin, may you learn to imitate his unfeigned repentance. May God bless you all with his Holy Spirit, and his heavenly grace. May you all grow up blessings to your parents. May God long spare your lives. May he prosper you with all happiness, as far as his wisdom sees fit, and finally bring you all to his heavenly kingdom. O that I may there meet many of you, and be enabled to say of you, "Behold I and the children which God hath given me!" If this memoir, agonizing as it is to my feelings, should contribute to your eternal welfare, while I still weep over a beloved departed child, I will rejoice over you.

'Your affectionate friend,

'B. W.'

The following is equally characteristic of the still tender state of his mind, after the lapse of four years:—"Am I guilty of any disrespect to my child's memory? Then forgive me, thou dear departed spirit! Thou canst no longer be grieved or injured by these recitals; but others may be preserved from injury. The pain is mine—may the benefit be theirs! Thy father dedicates these memoirs to thy beloved memory, and humbly hopes that since thy departure he is four years nearer the period of being rejoined to thee for ever. May the divine blessing rest on the youth who read these pages.

a memoir as this ; when I reflected also on the suggestion of a highly respectable surgeon, that the memoir might be of especial use to some incautious youth in the medical profession ; it seemed to me that these considerations ought to prevail over all contrary motives arising out of mere personal feeling. It had also been a frequent subject of prayer, and a hope often expressed by the deceased himself, that his death might prove an extensive benefit to the world ; and it appeared to me that an endeavour to promote this object would be the best respect I could pay to his beloved memory. I send forth the narrative fully aware of the variety of animadversions to which it may give occasion, but I can appeal to the Searcher of hearts that my unfeigned desire and earnest prayer is, that it may have all the effect it is calculated to produce ; however painful to parental tenderness. Should it by the divine blessing prove the means of stimulating one parent to the discharge of his duty, of guarding one youth against the snares of the world and sin, or of recovering one prodigal from the error of his way, to the arms of his God and Saviour, its purpose will be answered, and—to God be all the praise.

I subjoin a few additional observations for the benefit of any who may be inclined to draw wrong inferences from the foregoing narrative.

Should it fall into the hands of any who are living in a course of dissipation, and folly, and sin,

let it not flatter them with the hope of finally escaping the displeasure of Almighty God. How can they be sure that time will be granted them for repentance? Death may come and carry them off in an instant, or in a state of delirium, without a moment of time for thought. To every such self-deceiver I would say, Pause and consider; it may one day be too late. Let not Satan, the prince of darkness, deceive you. Say not, Let me enjoy the world now; hereafter I will repent and turn to God. Such daring mockery of Almighty goodness may induce the great Jehovah to say, "When anguish cometh, thou shalt call upon me, but I will not answer." Take warning then, rather than encouragement from this narrative. Neglect not prayer. Guard against indolence. Avoid vicious and profligate acquaintance. Be sober, be temperate. "Flee youthful lusts." Study the Holy Bible. "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold of eternal life." Begin now to serve God. "Now is the accepted time." If not *now*, it may be *never*.

Should this memoir be read by any one who may feel disposed to remark, 'I thank God I have not run into these scenes of dissipation. I have been sober, chaste, and dutiful. I have preserved the integrity of my character, and the credit of my family, and have avoided the paths of the destroyer;' I would with due respect and Christian regard remind such a person, that to a youth who con-

fidently professed concerning the commandments, "All these things have I kept from my youth," the almighty Saviour, who when he saw him loved him, replied, "Yet one thing thou lackest." All those who, like the Pharisee in the gospel, trust in themselves that they are righteous, and despise others, have need to be convinced that they also are sinners before God ; that they also must be renewed in the spirit of their mind, and put on the image of God ; that they must be made partakers of that inward holiness without which no man can see God. Without this even their moral rectitude may prove a snare to them, by leading them to place their dependence for salvation on their own righteousness, rather than on the mercy of God revealed in Christ Jesus. As sinners under a sentence of condemnation, our justification is an act of grace. 'We are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works or deservings.' Art. 11. The humble disciple of Jesus Christ, who is sensible of the evil of our common nature as it is fallen and depraved, will read this memoir with sympathy rather than with self-complacency or surprise. It will awaken in him gratitude to the Father of mercies, who has not suffered him to be "led into temptation," but has "delivered him from evil."

Reader, whether your life has been outwardly regular and decorous, or vain and dissipated ; whe-

ther you have been moral and exemplary, or vicious, profligate, and profane ; you must repent of all your sins, and humbly ask for mercy, only in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and “ by faith in his blood.” Although by the grace of God, and the special favour of his providence, many of us may have been preserved from the disgrace of gross transgression, yet we “ all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,” and “ the wages of sin is death.” It was this deplorable misery of the whole human race which induced ‘ Almighty God our heavenly Father, of his tender mercy to give his only Son to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption ; who made there by this one oblation of himself, once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.’ He has of the same great mercy commanded his gospel to be preached unto every creature. This gospel is the glad tidings of salvation, and therein ‘ he hath promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto him.’ But, oh ! remember, that *without* repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, you never will be admitted into heaven. This is the constitution of the new covenant. These are the terms of the gospel, from which God will in no instance recede.

Whether, then, under a deceptive apparel of moral rectitude, or the delusive form of a merely ceremo-

nial religion, or the “filthy garments” of profanity and vice, you have hitherto neglected the care of your soul, and disregarded the Saviour who died to redeem it; you are now admonished, intreated, and warned in this memoir, as by a voice speaking from the grave, Trifle no longer; ‘repent and turn to God, so iniquity shall not be your ruin.’ There is mercy yet in store for you, if you will but seek it. The gospel exhibits the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin. The gospel condemns none finally but those who refuse it, and who will not come to Christ that they may have life. Our blessed Saviour has said, “Strive to enter in at the strait gate.” “Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find.” He has promised also to “give his Holy Spirit to those who ask him.” ‘Awake,’ then, O ‘thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.’ “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.” You may yet be saved. It may be *now or never*, but it is not *now too late*. God the Holy Spirit is now waiting to be gracious unto you. At this time—by these very memoirs, he is striving with you. God the Son addresses you, “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” God the Father hastens to meet you, “This my Son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.”

Reader, what do you reply to such amazing mercy? Oh, retire, and pray for a blessing on

these pages. Fulfil the request of the dying youth, by whose desire the melancholy recital is made so painfully public. Accustom yourselves to earnest and daily prayer to God for pardon and grace. Read with attention the Holy Bible. Attend public worship; avoid bad company; and seek that society which will improve your mind, preserve your morals, and edify your soul.

It was thus that king David on his death-bed admonished Solomon, "My son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever." And of *you* also he will be found, if only you seek him diligently. He will pardon and deliver you from all your sins; confirm and strengthen you in all goodness; and finally, bring you to everlasting life, where you shall join the dear deceased, and bless to all eternity the afflicting dispensation of providence which gave occasion to this truly mournful record."

It will be recollected, that the foregoing memoir was not completed until after the lapse of about four years from the death of its lamented subject.¹ The following letter, addressed to his mother-in-law,

¹ See note in page 115.

Mrs. Wood, the surviving parent of his first wife, will convey some idea of the intensity of his sufferings at the moment.

‘ *Paddington, April 19th, 1811.*

‘ MY DEAR MADAM,

‘ I can scarcely begin my letter without exclaiming, Oh, what have I gone through since I last addressed you! What a dream to look back upon! But what blessings are comprehended in it! Blessed be God, the horrors of the past scene are gone for ever: all my anxieties, and my dear boy’s sufferings, sins, and dangers are for ever at an end. They are now indeed like “a dream when one awaketh.” Not so the brighter view; the grace, the escape, the glory, the prize—these are still realities. I do rejoice in them. I do congratulate my tenderly beloved child. I would willingly have died to have purchased them. O happy, happy, Basil! highly favoured youth! entered *for ever* into the joy of thy Lord!

‘ Thanks for your affectionate letter. It is the first I have answered. No letter has been more grateful, balmy, and congenial than your’s and dear Mary’s, to *both* of us.

‘ My dear Basil was buried, March 27, at Paddington. The church was crowded by our chapel congregation, chiefly in mourning. My spirits failed; I could not bear the sight of his being laid in the

ground, and did not go. Mr. Charles Woodd begged me not to attempt it, lest it should bring on the paralysis of last year. My mind is now calmer than I could have expected. I am much thinner, and very hysterical. On the 2nd inst. Mr. Mortlock took me and my whole family to Streately. I preached twice there on the 7th, and resumed my duty at Bentinck Chapel on Good Friday. Tomorrow I shall preach our annual Missionary Sermons. I find I am best and happiest when most actively employed.' * * * *

Severe as the shock was, and almost overwhelming as it appeared, yet for the moment he was enabled, as is intimated in the foregoing letter, to resume his wonted labours, and with nearly his wonted energy; though his song was that of "judgment" as well as of "mercy." For many years previously to this distressing visitation, it had appeared to be almost exclusively of *mercy*; now it assumed a more mixed character. His public discourses indicated a very tender state of feeling; and there was, from this period, almost an entire end to the cheering and delightful intercourse which had so often made his house the habitation of joy. His two eldest daughters had been, some time before this bereavement, settled in London. His social parties, therefore, had become much less frequent, and his dwelling assumed much of the

appearance of desolation. Nevertheless, he did not sorrow as one without hope. "The joy of the Lord" was still "his strength;" and he continued "instant in season and out of season, reproving, rebuking, exhorting with all long-suffering and doctrine," visiting the sick and dying, and sympathizing with the sorrowful. His schools, and the committees of religious or other charitable institutions, engaged their usual share of his attention. He continued, "stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," knowing "that his labour was not in vain in the Lord."

In the year 1817, he was visited with another trial of a somewhat similar nature, though less painful in its antecedent and attendant circumstances. Symptoms of pulmonary consumption appeared in one of his daughters, Mrs. Hannah Sophia Cahusac, then in her twenty-ninth year, and the mother of four children. The progress of the disease was awfully rapid, and the period of a few months illness brought to the chambers of death, one 'who' to adopt his own words, 'possessed the advantages of a fine understanding, a cultivated taste, an engaging person, and apparently sound constitution.'

A short memoir of this beloved daughter appeared in the *Christian Observer* for the year 1817, of which the following is a copy.

MRS. HANNAH SOPHIA CAHUSAC.

This, and the next ensuing memoir, would have appeared in a more extended form, had Mr. W. been spared to carry his purpose completely into effect. As it is, they can only appear in the form in which they have been left.

ON Tuesday evening, October 14, died at Paddington, Hannah Sophia, wife of Thomas Cahusac, Esq. and second daughter of the Rev. Basil Woodd.

The subject of this memoir was born March 21, 1789, and fell a victim to a rapid decline in the twenty-ninth year of her age. In early life she appeared to possess a good constitution. Her disposition was naturally very cheerful, tranquil, and affectionate; her mental powers were solid, sprightly, and attentive. When she was under ten years of age, she translated into English, with great correctness, part of St. Bernard's Latin Meditations, and soon discovered a solid judgment, and a taste for literary pursuits.

As it was the endeavour of her parents to make the education of their children subservient to their immortal interests, and as, on this principle, they

educated them all at home; so, as far as human care and attention could influence their minds, it was their constant aim, in dependence on the divine blessing, to gain and conciliate their early affections, and to direct them supremely to the love of God. The greatest punishment known in this family, was the apparent suspension of parental affection and regard.

On the same principle, they endeavoured to guard against that frivolous vanity which assigns to mere embellishments a higher importance than to solid attainments, and which sometimes pursues outward accomplishments; to the neglect of "seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Hannah possessed a fine ear for music, and considerable taste, which was cultivated, not as a means of mere amusement, but as an auxiliary to devotion.

But it was a much higher gratification, when it was observed that the desire of her heart was directed to "remember her Creator in the days of her youth." At the age of twenty, by her own particular wish, after being confirmed, she was admitted to the holy communion: and it will appear from the following short meditation which was found among her papers, with what feelings she approached that sacred ordinance.

' May 28th, 1809,—I am this day going to commemorate the great love of my Saviour, in giving himself a sacrifice for sinners; and to promise

solemnly to devote myself to the service of God. Almighty God, accept thy unworthy servant, for Christ's sake ; and pour upon me the spirit of grace and supplication. Meet me in thy ordinances : make me to love thee more, and serve thee better : create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Grant me grace to abhor and detest *all* sin : conform me to thy blessed image : make me holy : instruct me by thy blessed Spirit, for I am very ignorant : forgive me for thy mercies sake, for I am very sinful. Unworthy of the least of all thy mercies, yet, gracious Lord, thou wilt give thy Holy Spirit to them that ask thee.'

"The bliss of holiness bestow,
And then the bliss of heaven."

She took great delight in public worship, was very desirous of being useful in her little sphere, and superintended one of the classes in the girls' school of Bentinck Chapel.

She was very partial to the valuable writings of Mrs. Hannah More, to Cowper's Poems, and the Christian Observer ; and they proved highly conducive to the formation of that correct taste and judgment which she eminently possessed. Among other favourite books, were the practical works of the learned and excellent Richard Baxter, the 'Rise and Progress' of Dr. Doddridge, and the Life and Sermons of the Reverend Joseph Milner.

The diary of this eminent clergyman she knew almost by memory, and frequently spoke of it, particularly in her last illness, as the development of her own self-examination.

October 24, 1809, she entered the marriage state. It pleased God to bless her with four lovely children; and although the eldest is now only seven years old, she had taken great pains, according as their infant minds expanded, to impress them with practical sentiments of their duty to God, and of the dying love of their Redeemer.

After the birth of her second child, in June, 1812, she was afflicted with a painful nervous disease, partly occasioned by her anxiety during the illness of a brother whom she tenderly loved; but no signs of consumption were suspected till the month of June last. From this period, the usual symptoms of decline became alarmingly visible.

She soon began to suspect the probable termination, and to abstract her thoughts from all earthly concerns, preparing her feelings for leaving the beloved object of her affections, and for yielding the tender charge of their endeared little offspring.

No expression of hesitation to obey the divine will escaped her lips. She acknowledged that she *had* felt an earnest desire for life; but was enabled to add, that even that desire was now taken away.

Deeply as she was sensible of the anguish of so early and so unexpected a separation, she felt at the

same time, that she could bow submissively to the stroke. All the tender ties of a mother seemed to yield to the conviction, that the Almighty disposer was holy, just, and good; too wise to mistake the real interests of his children, and too good to be unkind.

Extreme self-suspicion marked her character. She was always afraid lest she should think too well of herself; or lest any expression from her lips should lead others to think of her more highly than she thought they ought to think. This often imposed on her a delicate and painful silence. Many beautiful and edifying remarks inadvertently escaped from her; but it was her express desire that nothing should ever be repeated as an observation of hers, and therefore no distinct memorial is here attempted.

Deep humiliation before God was a prominent feature in her character; and such was the tenderness of her conscience, that although she was affectionately attached to her parents and family, yet in her last illness she expressed her fears that she had not loved them so well as she ought, or sufficiently appreciated a parent's worth. This, in the last interview which she had with her mother, she particularly mentioned. It drew forth a correspondent acknowledgement, with the remark, that in all our duties we stand in need of a better righteousness than our own, as the basis of our hope for eternity.

To which she instantly replied, 'Yes; the righteousness of the Saviour?'

A day or two before her departure, speaking of the sensible approach of dissolution, she expressed a calm reliance on the precious death and merits of the Lord Jesus, and then added, 'I feel an humble hope in my Redeemer; if a sinner, such as I am, may be permitted to hope in his mercy.'

She dwelt much upon the subject of her own unworthiness, and the manifold mercies of God, but a holy fear of deceiving herself prevented her possessing those enjoyments in religion which some Christians experience.

About two or three hours before she drew her last breath, she desired her afflicted partner to read a favourite hymn.

'In ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
To God my spirit flies :
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name :
In joy, in sorrow, life and *death*,
His love is still the same.'

At this period she could scarcely speak so as to be heard; but she seemed to feel this last verse in particular, as a consolation in her dying hour. She waved her hand, and lifted her expiring eyes to heaven, with a smile of calm delight, and a hope of approaching glory. From this time she scarcely

spoke, but she seemed perfectly composed and happy. At nine o'clock in the evening, October 14, nature, exhausted, resigned the blessed spirit, and, it is humbly trusted, she entered for ever into the joy of her Lord.

It was an indulgence of mercy to herself and her friends, that although for the last five years she had been subject to the most painful nervous apprehensions, and the terrors of death at a distance had often overwhelmed her with dread, yet, when the solemn period arrived, all her fears were suspended, her exit was 'gentle as the summer's eve,' and she could contemplate the countenance of death, as it were the face of an angel.'

Let the humble despondent disciple of Christ be encouraged to trust in God. 'Dying comforts,' it has been quaintly but truly observed, 'are reserved for dying moments.'

Let also the youthful reader of this memoir learn its practical lesson. Let him not boast of to-morrow, but without delay ensure the grand prize of eternal life; for, as these pages testify, neither the bloom of youth, nor the fairest prospects of the world, nor domestic endearment, can avert the sentence, "To dust shalt thou return."

Though sensibly affected by this early removal of another branch of his beloved family, connected, as it must obviously have been, with various sources of painful solicitude, Mr. B. Woodd was enabled calmly to resume and steadily to prosecute his various works of faith and labours of love, with a firmness and perseverance which formed remarkable traits of his character. His plans were not rashly formed, but, when maturely considered and definitively adopted, he was not easily to be discouraged or diverted from his purpose. The following instance may serve as an example. Amongst the various tracts composed or selected for the benefit of the children of the numerous schools which attended his chapel, was one which he thought well adapted for general usefulness. It was an abridgment of Bishop Gastrell's Institutes, or, The Faith and Duty of a Christian. As he generally attended the committees of the parish schools, he felt and expressed an anxious wish that this little tract might be admitted amongst the books of elementary instruction adopted in these schools; and *twice*, as he thought, he had succeeded, having secured a majority of votes in its favour: but, after having been admitted for a short time on each of those occasions, it was again rejected. A special committee being some time afterwards summoned for the purpose of a general examination of the children, at which the Bishop of London, now

his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, attended, he contrived to lay his favourite but hitherto repudiated little tract on a desk that was before his lordship, who, taking it up, and passing his eyes over a few pages of it in a cursory manner, expressed his approbation of it in such strong terms, that it was forthwith adopted by the gentlemen of the committee for the *third* time, no more to be subjected to the disgrace of expulsion.

By a similar course of mild and gentle, but steady perseverance, he succeeded in gaining admission for several of his own tracts into the list of those which are circulated by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Amongst his various other engagements may be mentioned numerous excursions for the benefit of religious institutions; such as, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for which, in addition to a small association formed in his own congregation at Bentinck Chapel, he was the means of establishing a rather extensive Auxiliary, or District Society, at Aylesbury and its adjoining parishes—the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, of which he was one of the honorary clerical secretaries—and the Church Missionary Society, of which he was a zealous and a very successful advocate. On a tour into Yorkshire on behalf of this society, he travelled upwards of a thousand miles, preached about fifty times, formed

or assisted in the formation or promotion of about thirty associations, and collected £1060. Subsequently, on a tour into Cornwall, he preached eighteen times, attended at the formation or promotion of nine associations, and collected the sum of £328. Numerous other excursions to Colchester, Bristol, &c. on behalf of this and other societies, were marked by similar success. At Colchester the result of one of his sermons was a collection of £677. 13s. 6d. Two opulent individuals, by no means friendly to institutions of this nature, and who had come to the church rather prejudiced against the society for which he was preaching, were so impressed by the appeals urged in its favour, that each of them immediately drew and left in the plates a cheque, one for the sum of £200. and the other for £400.¹ His appeals indeed, in the cause of charity, were almost irresistible. The sums collected at his own chapel, for one benevolent institution or other, almost surpassed credibility. He had rarely less than six or seven double, or rather triple collections (morning, afternoon, and evening) in the course of a year, the aggregate amount of which, for many years, fell little, if any thing, short of £1000. per annum. For the Church Missionary

¹ Two poor men, on the same occasion, similarly impressed with the importance of the cause of missions, formed the resolution of denying themselves some part of the ensuing week's sustenance, in order that they might have it in their power to contribute half-a-crown to the collection, which they accordingly brought to him on the following Thursday.

Society alone, the collections at the time of his decease had amounted to upwards of £5000 !

After the lapse of about ten years thus spent in laborious activity, he was called to another painful exercise of the grace of submission. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Ann Louisa Mortlock, wife of John Mortlock, Esq. a gentleman well known in the Christian world by his almost boundless benevolence, and his zeal in every good cause—taking an airing in her carriage in the month of October 1827, caught a cold, which brought on pulmonary consumption, and in the course of about ten months, consigned her to the grave, in her forty-third year. She had been a very acute sufferer for many years, from an inflammatory complaint which appeared to have been constitutional. But she possessed the best solace in affliction. She was a lady of eminent piety, and was enabled to quit her life of suffering in the humble but assured hope of that everlasting rest which is prepared for the children of God. She died on the 24th of August, 1828. The following memoir appeared in the Christian Observer, for the year 1829, a copy of which, though brief, may convey a sufficiently ample exhibition of the character of this excellent lady. It is introduced by a letter addressed to the editor of that publication ; and was penned under great mental excitement, which will account for the omission of many interesting circumstances.

MRS. ANN LOUISA MORTLOCK.

‘SIR,—In your former volumes I have endeavoured, I trust not merely in order to solace my own feelings, but, by the blessing of God, to benefit some who might peruse my brief memorial, to embalm the memory of two of my children, now for ever sheltered in a happier clime. I now enclose for your perusal, and, if you think it not unfitting, for that of your readers, a few particulars respecting a third, lately received to the arms of her Saviour, and whose truly amiable and spiritually-minded character, I would trust, may strengthen and encourage them to follow her as she followed Christ. They will not expect to find in the life of a retired and suffering Christian those remarkable incidents which are usually sought for in the records of biography; but if they meet with what is better,—that which is practical, spiritual, and edifying,—that which will teach them how to live and how to die,—that which will animate them in their Christ-

ian course, draw them nigher to their Saviour, and lead their minds from the vanities of the world to the glories of heaven, this simple memorial will not have been written in vain. I have purposely thrown my remarks into the third person, in order to spare both myself and my readers the record of private feelings; and I have omitted many details highly interesting to surviving friends, but which would swell the narrative beyond your limits. Wishing the best blessing of God upon your labours,

‘ I remain, sir, your very faithful friend,

‘ BASIL WOODD.’

‘ Ann Louisa, eldest daughter of the Rev. Basil Woodd, minister of Bentinck chapel, St. Mary-le-bone, was born January 17, 1786. Her mother, Ann, was the daughter of Colonel John Wood, of Madras, commandant of Tanjore, the attached patron of the celebrated missionary Swartz. To the pious instructions and exemplary conduct of this devoted servant of God, both the Colonel and Mrs. Wood were indebted for their knowledge of Divine truth, and for those consolations of the gospel, which sustained them under a series of painful events, and carried them through the last trial of life with a hope full of immortality. Nor was the benefit of the Reverend Missionary’s instruction confined to the parents; he felt a truly pastoral affection for the children, and laboured to impress their infant minds

with the importance and excellence of true religion. When the Colonel died at Madras, in 1774, and the family came over to England, Mr. Swartz was accustomed to encourage his young friends with his affectionate letters, some of which, characteristic of tender affection and apostolical simplicity, have appeared in former numbers of the *Christian Observer*, and well deserve the attentive re-perusal of the reader, especially of young persons.

‘ Ann, the eldest daughter, who is particularly mentioned in some of the above letters, was born at Madras in 1764, married to the Rev. Basil Woodd in 1785, and died of pulmonary consumption in 1791. Her four children have now all followed her to the grave: Edward died an infant; Basil Owen, her eldest son, died of pulmonary consumption in 1811; Hannah Sophia, of the same complaint, in 1817; and Ann Louisa fell a victim to the same malady, after an illness of ten months, August 25, 1828. Of the two former, memoirs have appeared in the *Christian Observer* for 1811 and 1817: the latter is the subject of the present memorial. All have left the most satisfactory testimonies that they knew in whom they had believed, and that they were separated only for a season from each other and their beloved parents, and would one day meet again, to part no more for ever.

‘ The subject of this memoir, like her mother, evinced symptoms of early piety, especially an evi-

dent conscientiousness, attention to mental improvement and duty, appropriate seasons for devotion, respect for the Holy Scriptures, and love for the privileges of the Christian Sabbath. She was remarkable for a tender cultivation of domestic harmony; she felt a lively interest in the younger branches of the family, who were much attached to her; and she shewed uniform kindness to all the household, who loved and esteemed her. Nor was she less remarkable for her affectionate regard to her father and her second mother, in whom her ardent affections centered, and to whose familiar instructions she invariably ascribed her early and her matured delight in the ways of God. As it was the chief ambition of her parents to bring up their children, not so much for this world, as for the world to come, the embellishments of education were not so prominently cultivated as those acquisitions which were of moral and religious value, and, as considered with a view to the highest ends of our existence, of infinitely more importance.

‘She was always cheerful and lively; never so happy as when at home; fond of music, particularly of Divine Psalmody, but had no taste for the light and frivolous compositions which are so fatally seductive and injurious to devotion. Whatever presented a lure to dissipation, she always regarded with suspicion, and was jealous over with godly jealousy. On the other hand, general history, the

studies of nature, the works of God in creation and providence, generally engaged her attention. She had also a general knowledge of the Latin and French languages; and, from an earnest desire to read the Scriptures in the original, had made a moderate proficiency in Hebrew.

As she grew up, a desire to promote early piety in others was a distinguished feature in her character. After the establishment of Bentinck School in 1798, she superintended and instructed a class of girls. Incipient and juvenile as were her efforts, some of the pupils, now grown up, speak of them with grateful recollection, and describe them as not having been in vain in the Lord. Nor can her bereaved parent ever forget the pleasure afforded at a subsequent period, now nearly twenty years past, when, in a country village, where they had not resided six weeks, one afternoon he came in, and unexpectedly found both the parlours of the house occupied by about fifty poor children, whom his beloved children had collected, and were instructing in the elements of the gospel of Christ.

‘When she attained her fifteenth year, she was anxiously desirous of being admitted to the holy communion. On this subject she communicated her sentiments to her mother, and evinced a very humble estimate of herself, and deep attainments in self-knowledge. Some of her expressions were, “I feel my mind engaged with mere trifles, and my attention

wanders from God. Blessed be his holy name, he is not extreme to mark what is amiss. I have a Saviour, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin. I pray for his grace to enable me to love, honour, and serve him as long as I live in this world. I hope I may go to him in early life ; for this world has many snares, and nothing but Divine grace can guard me. I had rather go to my Saviour, and then I shall be safe for ever, and love him as I would."

'On the 19th of April 1808, she entered the state of matrimony, with one of her father's congregation, Mr. John Mortlock. Her means of doing good being now considerably increased, her scale of beneficence increased in proportion. Wherever she resided, though but for a time, the instruction of poor children was always one of her first objects of attention. The interests of the kingdom of the Redeemer ; the conversion of Jews and Gentiles ; the distribution of the Holy Scriptures, Prayer-books, and religious Tracts, were objects which lay near her heart, and engaged her prayers, and unsolicited contributions. The poor and afflicted of the neighbourhood always shared in her sympathies ; her judicious advice when health permitted, and her prayers and liberal aid when she could not render her active services.

'In May 1820, it pleased God to visit her with the loss of her eldest child, who, after most painful

suffering for two years, sustained with exemplary patience and piety, resigned her happy spirit into the hands of her heavenly Father. The memoir of this tender and pious sufferer, who departed this life at the age of nine years, has been read in manuscript by many hundreds of persons, and exhibits not only great precocity of intellect, an engaging sensibility of heart, and a delightful illustration of infant piety, but a powerful confirmation of her mother's lively affection, blended with wise and firm regulation, and constantly directed by a holy and persevering regard to her child's eternal welfare. The last farewell the dear child took of her grandfather, was also highly indicative of the religious sympathies of her beloved parent. Pressing his hand, she said, "I pray that God may strengthen you in every good work; and bless your ministry; and make you a blessing to the children of our congregation."

' In January, 1823, she was called to experience a second bereavement in the loss of an engaging infant aged twenty months. By these afflictive dispensations, and long painful experience, the heart of the mother was weaned from the world, prepared to quit this scene of trial, and to anticipate that haven of rest which she was shortly to enter.

' It would be easy to fill a large space with interesting passages from her conversation and letters, and with appropriate texts and hymns which she cited with great promptitude and facility. But I

must content myself with a very few brief illustrations. On one occasion she observed to her sister, 'I have had a long and painful illness; I have for weeks scarcely sat up an hour; I am reduced exceedingly. I cannot sit up except for a few minutes, but it is wonderful how I am spared year after year; I trust that to depart would be gain; but when I look at my dear child, I cannot help wishing, if it were the will of God, to abide yet for a little season. But at the foot of the cross I desire to leave my soul and body, my child, and all.

'I would praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.'

'Such was her constant feeling. She would say, when extremely ill, and in great pain, "God hath delivered; in him will I trust; he will yet deliver; and if not, all will be well for eternity."

'Frequently she would say, "My pain is very great. Oh! what a trial is pain to faith. Still it is my Father's hand. Oh, support me! spare me a little, that I may recover my strength! I am very ill, in extreme pain; my nerves are greatly agitated. Oh, pray for me, that I may not be taken away while in this state. I hope I shall have patience given me to bear all the will of my God.

'Sweet! to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

' "This is comfort." Then, in a most heavenly and

feeling manner, "Oh, may an abundant entrance be ministered to me ! May I depart in peace, according to thy word." Again she added, "Pray much for me. I am weak and helpless. Jesus is the Advocate ; he ever liveth to make intercession ; he is merciful and faithful. Here is my strong hold."

'During her last illness, she was too feeble to sit up, but she would lie in her bed and occasionally make clothes for the poor : and within five days of her departure, when too weak to do this any longer, she gave directions to others, and expressed pleasure in seeing her charitable intentions executed.

'After receiving the holy communion, as it proved for the last time, she said, "If we should never again be partakers together upon earth, I trust we shall be among the happy number who shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

'In a letter written on her bed, in a recumbent posture, to her much-loved mother, with a tremulous hand, dated last June 27,—the last letter she ever wrote, she thus expressed herself:—"I had an alarming attack in the night of the 7th instar t ; for six hours my labouring for breath was most distressing. I thought I was dying. Blessed be God every fear was gone ; and no parting pang known. The twenty-first and twenty-second verses of Jude were my strong consolation. Praise, O praise his name. I could not bear to speak or be moved. I had a similar attack on Sunday, June 15, and I

certainly think disease is making progress, and my strength declines. I am much less anxious, and do hope I leave all simply, with scarce a wish or prayer, except for grace and patience to bear all it may be the will of God to lay upon me. I am very weary in body and mind, unable to think, or read, or hear; but at the foot of the cross I have lived; there I hourly cast myself; there I desire to die, in full assurance I shall awake up after Christ's likeness. Farewell, dearest parents; pray, and praise; and trust your affectionate child to our dear and precious Saviour."

'To her father, who went to Brighton to see her,—alas, little suspecting to witness her dissolution,—she said, with great feeling, "How I admire the sublime words of your dear mother on her dying bed. She was speaking of the boundless love of Christ, and his salvation, and she observed, "It is a glorious salvation; a free, unmerited salvation! a full, complete salvation! a perfect, eternal salvation! It is deliverance from every enemy; it is a supply of every want; it is all I can wish for in time; it is all I can now wish for in death; it is all I shall want in eternity." She repeated these words several times, at different periods, with elevated feelings, and her eyes directed to heaven.

'To one of her nieces she said, "Oh, what a blessing it is to know the Holy Scriptures from a child. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to be

able to remember what I have learnt ; and to think of it, when I am too ill to do any thing else. Oh, endeavour to store your mind well with portions of Scripture, while young and in health." It had been the custom for Mr. Woodd's children, even when very young, to repeat every Saturday morning, at family prayer, a few verses of Scripture, selected from Bishop Gastrell's Christian Institutes, and also a Psalm or Hymn. By this early and constant habit, combined with her diligent perusal of the sacred records, she had acquired so familiar an acquaintance with the Holy Bible, that there were few passages which she could not readily quote.

'She frequently desired the fifty-third and fifty-fifth chapters of Isaiah to be read to her, and one day remarked, "The fifty-third chapter speaks of the salvation provided for fallen sinners ; the fifty-fifth invites all to receive it. I love those chapters which describe the sufferings of Christ. I find nothing so profitable as the consideration of what he endured for our redemption : the simplicity, also, with which the Evangelists relate every circumstance, is very striking." To her mother, for so she ever delighted to call her second parent, she said several times with great affection, " My beloved mother, mercy attended my entrance into life ; mercy has accompanied me through life ; and mercy is crowning my departure out of life, with the prospect of everlasting glory." To a friend she said, " I have been

meditating on that glorious multitude which no man can number, all saved by the same Redeemer, all washed in the same blood ; all clothed in the same righteousness. Sometimes I tremble at the idea of the soul quitting the body, and going alone and naked into the presence of God. Yet not naked, for being unclothed, we shall be clothed upon." On the same friend remarking, " It is a peculiar mercy, that in your present weak state, you are so preserved from oppressive fears," she replied, " Six weeks ago I was deeply tried with doubts and fears, but they are all passed away now, as the morning cloud : the valley is not dark : but I am too ill to rejoice ; sickness and pain have brought me very low, but I have not one fear. Underneath me are the everlasting arms, and on them I repose." Three days before her death, she applied to herself the words of the ever-memorable Richard Hooker, and said, " Blessed be God, I have been long preparing to leave the world. I have, by his grace, loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age. O Lord, shew mercy unto me ; I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, through his merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners." She then desired her father to read the whole passage, from a little tract of his, called *The Contrast*, which he had given to her beloved child Louisa, and which, ever since her death, had been kept in her New Testament, He read the whole

paragraph, and when he came into the room in the evening to read and pray with her, she desired him to read it again. After he had read it, and also the short account of the death of Dr. Doddridge, and had prayed with her, she repeated Dr. Doddridge's sublime Hymn—

' O Thou, that hast redemption wrought !
Patron of souls thy blood hath bought !
To thee my spirit I commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.'

In this exertion, her feelings were highly elevated, till she became quite exhausted.

The day before her death, when her father entered the room, stretching out her emaciated arms, and putting them round his neck, she said, " Beloved father !" After a pause, speaking with great difficulty, " Look at your poor sinking child —— in the arms of her heavenly Father."

' Sunday, Aug. 24. was truly ' Dies lachrymabilis, gloriosa dies.' She had repeatedly said, " I have had three very painful Sundays ; the fourth, I trust, will be a Sabbath of rest in heaven." She appeared this day sinking, and could scarcely speak so as to be heard. Her father remained with her, and she was apparently dying. About noon, she desired him to read Rev. vii. 9, &c. and at the close observed, " Ah, there *the inhabitant shall never say I am sick.*" After this, some Psalms and Hymns were read, and the family being all present, joined in

Divine worship for the last time in this world. Immediately after, she spoke very affectionately, and then said, "Now leave me quite alone." On which all retired, except her beloved child, whom she desired to remain. The endeared scenes of domestic affection and solicitude are sacred to privacy; these, the reader will perceive, have therefore been passed over, though they would not have been the least interesting part of the narrative.

In the evening, her father, at her desire, repeated to her a Psalm, and prayed with her; when, being so exhausted that she could scarcely look up, she just thanked him very affectionately, and advised him to retire to rest. Returning about eleven o'clock, he found her almost torpid, but perfectly calm and intelligent. In answer to his affectionate inquiries, she whispered that, as to the sufferings of her body, she was now "very comfortable and free from pain;" and in her mind "perfectly happy, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith;" adding, "There is no other foundation, no other comfort now," Her voice was at this time faint, and faltering. She continued in a state of extreme exhaustion, dozing and taking no notice of any thing around her. About twelve at night, she endeavoured to raise herself, but had no power. The nurse supported her; she said, "Well, I suppose I must take my medicine;" then dropt her head on the nurse's shoulder, and, in the presence of her

husband and child, without a sigh expired. Not a doubt or fear was permitted to distress her mind : as in life, so in death, her trust was only in her Saviour.

Thus died Ann Louisa Mortlock, aged forty-two years and seven months. It is not necessary to dwell upon the features of her character, which will be readily gathered from the foregoing narrative. In the sympathizing language of an esteemed friend, to whom her infancy, youth, and growing years were well known ; “The conviction of her blessed state, the memorial of her holy life, almost prohibit the language of condolence, notwithstanding her inestimable loss. Her departure has caused tears to flow, but not unmingled with tears of joy.”

Faint, yet pursuing, might still be considered as the motto prefixed to the short remnant of the life of our highly favoured but now keenly suffering friend. A still heavier stroke was now threatening him, one which was to sever from him her who had been long endeared to him by the most tender ties—the companion with whom he had taken the sweetest counsel for a period of thirty-eight years, and who had ever evinced the most affectionate interest both in his joys and his sorrows. His sufferings under this afflicting bereavement may readily be imagined. Her character and history must be presented as they have been recorded by his own pen.

MRS. SOPHIA SARAH WOODD.

THE subject of this Memoir was the eldest daughter of William Jupp, Esq. architect, in the city of London ; and was born April 19, 1766.

She appears in early life to have been of a serious and devout turn of mind, fond of reading and retirement. She perused many valuable authors, moral, religious, and historical ; nor did she ever manifest any lively interest in the vanities and dissipations which ordinarily attract the attention of youth.

When I was elected lecturer of St. Peter's, Cornhill, in the month of July 1784, I found her family in the habit of attending the afternoon service at that church. This circumstance led to an acquaintance, which lasted forty-two years—provided for me a most valuable and congenial companion for life—and formed that permanent friendship, which, although death has interrupted it for a short season, will, it is humbly trusted, again revive, and continue unalloyed to eternity.

A sermon preached at that lecture, on the subject of Psalm ciii. deeply fixed her attention, and, as she often expressed herself, awakened her mind to more serious contemplation of divine things. She had never before been so sensibly attentive to the mercies of her God and Saviour. Many instances of spiritual negligence which then occurred to her mind, heightened her impressions of the character of God, as "slow to anger and abundant in mercy." What particularly attracted her attention was, the love of God in the redemption of man, by the mediation, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. She at this period began to suspect that the life she had hitherto lived, though strictly virtuous, innocent, and amiable, was very inadequate to the claims of redeeming mercy, and, upon the review of her youthful exercises of devotion, they appeared to her to be far below the spiritual character and privileges of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

From this time she sought her happiness supremely in God; and would frequently say,—
"Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Her seasons of prayer, retirement, self-examination, and perusal of the sacred Scriptures, became more stated. She now read several commentaries, and was particularly delighted with the works of Mrs. Hannah More. She kept an occasional diary, recording the feelings, trials, and consolations which she was conscious of

in her own experience. She was also very partial to the writings and ministry of the late Rev. John Newton, whose church she regularly attended, and enjoyed the benefit of his pastoral acquaintance. Under the pressure of much personal and family anxiety, she found in this highly esteemed and sympathizing clergyman a constant source of kindness, instruction, and judicious counsel.

In the year 1792, having been bereft of an endeared partner, and reduced to the solitary state of a widower, with a family of three children, it appeared to me that an alliance with one of her character would tend to fill up the painful chasm of my domestic circle, be a source of maternal comfort to my little motherless babes, and a provision of as much temporal happiness as I had now by affliction and bereavement learned to expect in this uncertain world. I accordingly made the proposal to her, and we entered the marriage state on the 3rd of July 1792, at the parish church of St. Clement's, near Lombard Street. Our revered friend, the Rev. John Newton, had promised to perform the service; but being absent at Southampton, his place was supplied by one of high estimation, the Rev. Richard Cecil, minister of St. John's chapel, Bedford Row.¹

¹ On the subject of her marriage I have, since her decease, found in her diary the following insertion—

² When I first saw Mr. Newton after his return to town, he addressed me with his accustomed pleasantry, "Ah, brother, brother! so while I was out of town, you came and fished in my pond, and stole one of my best fishes!"

The various avocations and duties to which her marriage introduced her, were almost too exciting and fatiguing for her timid and nervous system. In addition to the ordinary occupations of the marriage state, and a very extensive general acquaintance which pastoral engagements occasioned, the constant excitement of feeling which arose out of her daily intercourse with the poor of the flock—greatly harassed a constitution little formed for the accumulation of painful histories, and constant scenes of lamentation, mourning, and woe.

On a visit to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Woodd of Colchester, with whom we were in the habit of spending a few days about twice in the year, and who always received her with lively affection and regard, as the tender protectress of the children of her own daughter; she was so much interested with the account of a lying-in-charity which had been there instituted, that on her return home she resolved to make a similar attempt. Having, by the circulation of short statements of the plan on cards, made known her intention to several friends, she soon received a sufficient sum wherewith to begin this little work of charity. Upon the average, she was enabled to relieve about seventy cases yearly; and the total number at the beginning of this year, 1829, amounted to upwards of two thousand.

Of this charity she undertook the entire management. Each of the poor women was three times at

her house, where they constantly experienced kindness, sympathy, and spiritual advice. At the last visit, when they returned the linen, they were, if not already provided, presented with a Bible, or Testament, a Common Prayer Book, and a copy of the Rev. William Burkitt's 'Help and Guide to Christian Families.'

At a subsequent period she adopted and undertook the management of a plan for supplying the poor of the congregation of Bentinck chapel with various articles of clothing. The fund was raised by a collection sermon on Christmas Day and the following Sunday, which, with the balance of the Fund of Charity, produced about £30. and which is still kept up. The *Fund of Charity* was an Institution established at the chapel in the year 1812.¹ It has been the means of relieving at their own homes a vast number of cases, at a very considerable expense; and the plan has been so generally approved, that it has been since adopted throughout the five divisions of the parish of St. Marylebone, and also by the congregation of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row.

In the year 1818, she was earnestly solicited by the Patronesses of the School of Industry, in the Edgware Road, to undertake the management of that interesting charity. As other ladies had been

¹ It consisted of small weekly, monthly, quarterly, or annual subscriptions or donations contributed by the members of the congregation, and for many years amounted to from 200*l.* to 250*l.* per annum.

wearied out with the importunities, fatigues, caprices, and dissatisfactions of such an engagement, I endeavoured to persuade her to decline the attempt: but when she considered the importance of affording a home, with food, raiment, and a religious education to twenty little orphans, and that they attended as part of the little flock at Bentinck chapel, she felt a desire to yield to the request. There was reason also to hope that several had grown up in the fear of God, and had become valuable servants. Some also who had been cut off by the stroke of death, and whom she had visited in their dying hours, had expressed affectionate gratitude for their religious instruction, and a humble hope, through the death and merits of their Redeemer, of ascending to a better inheritance. All these considerations deeply interested her, and she considered it to be a duty to embark in an undertaking, to which, at the age of fifty, under many bodily infirmities, and with other numerous engagements, she was hardly adequate.

The management of this school involved her in many difficulties and anxieties which she had not contemplated. Her desire and endeavour was to shew kindness to the matrons, justice to the subscribers, and affectionate instruction to the children, who looked up to her as their real friend, and as a mother, always alive to their welfare, and interesting herself in their little amusements. By this undertaking she was unavoidably involved in much

interruption, correspondence, and constant difficulties : nor could she have supported the pressure, had I not relieved her as far as was in my power, by occasional visits at the school, examinations of the children, and especially in the management of the secular business of the society. Still, she conscientiously persisted, till the last year of her life, in her weekly visits—hearing the children read, and, when quite alone, conveying mild religious instruction. Occasional instances of success in these interviews were the only rewards she contemplated, and she met with sufficient success to satisfy her, that her “labour had not been in vain in the Lord.” *Verily she had her reward.*

She also felt a lively interest in all societies for extending the circulation of the sacred Scriptures, the promotion of Christian knowledge, and the instruction of children, the enlightening of the Jews, and the conversion of the Gentiles. She accompanied me at different times, in journeys of two thousand miles to the north, east, and extreme western point of the island, on missionary tours for the above important objects. But neither in her own restricted labours, nor in the more enlarged sphere of public institutions, though frequently solicited, could she be prevailed on to act as a member of a committee, or to have a committee to assist her in managing her own little departments. A dread of interruption, an aversion to bustle and

publicity, and a supreme love of quiet and devotional exercises dictated this spirit of retreat. I do not recollect her ever attending more than three public meetings. She felt many objections to the excitement of these assemblies, and suspected that they disturbed the quietude of her mind. She was also particularly averse to sales of fancy articles for the benefit of religious societies. She thought them injurious to the cultivation of female delicacy and retirement, and to domestic occupation. In a word, her character exhibited the rare union of love of solitude, and steady perseverance in doing good; delicately sensible of neglect and injury, yet making every allowance for it; compassionate to the fallen and unfortunate, and to them who were "ignorant and out of the way," although few were compassed with less infirmity. She possessed great tenderness to the feelings of others, great sensibility, and at the same time a large portion of self-government.

The last act of benevolence in which she engaged, was the establishment of a Sunday School at Drayton Beauchamp. On our first residence in this parish in the year 1808, the state of the poor was deplorable. Scarcely an individual could read or write. A little parochial school was instituted, and well attended. As the children grew up and settled in life, they becoming instructors themselves, the school fell into disuse; but to preserve knowledge, and keep alive religious instruction, with an attend-

ance on public worship, she suggested a Sunday School, and engaged a cottage for the purpose. This has been attended with the desired effect; and it was highly gratifying to her to engage as school-mistress, a young person, who, in 1808, being then very young, was the first child received into Drayton school.

Often, when walking down the village, have we been delighted to observe the exclusion of injurious songs; to listen to the praises of the Redeemer resounding from the cottage; and occasionally to the plough-boy whistling a church melody.

In these retired occupations she was assisted by her daughters; and many of these children, now grown up and settled in life, often speak with affectionate remembrance of their youthful instructors. The instructors and the instructed have now children of their own, and these children are also now imparting or receiving the benefit of Christian instruction in the various neighbourhoods where they happen to reside.

Such were the labours of love in which my beloved wife delighted to be employed, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And she also was not without a share of those afflictions, which are appointed to try the patience and faith of the saints. Amongst the heaviest of these trials, were the deaths of my three eldest children, for

whom she appeared to feel as strong an affection as could have been looked for even from a mother. One of these painful dispensations so deeply affected her health and spirits, as to bring on the illness which terminated in her death. In the year 1828, my daughter, Mrs. Mortlock, fast sinking under the disease which brought her to the grave, requested from her a visit, in a most affectionate letter, written in pencil on her dying bed. She immediately proceeded to Brighton, and spent with her part of the months of April and May, and afterwards the whole of the month of August, during which she died.

Her constitution never recovered this shock. Her feelings, her sympathies, had all been too highly excited. Early in the following year, (1829) she was attacked with illness, and was never able afterwards to come down stairs.

As she rapidly grew feeble, it was proposed that every day about one o'clock, and every evening about half-past nine, I should spend twenty minutes or half an hour with her in devotional reading and prayer. The first time, I said, 'What shall I read to you?' She replied, 'The word of God; there is nothing like that. I feel too weak for any thing which requires close thought; but *that* always refreshes, soothes, delights, and strengthens me.' So, at her selection, I began in the morning at the 40th chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, which was

in the course of her private reading, and in the evening, St. John's Gospel, and afterwards proceeded through the Epistles of St. Peter, Ephesians, &c. &c. During these exercises she generally made pious and practical remarks.

February 15. About four in the morning she was attacked with alarming spasms and suffocation. To a highly respected friend who came to see her in her chamber, she expressed herself to this effect. 'I have no expectation of recovering from this attack; but, blessed be God, I feel perfectly composed in the prospect. All my fears of death are suspended; my despondency is removed. I feel for my husband, but God will support him. I view it also as a special providence, that, by the marriage of my youngest son, and their unexpected coming under our roof, God has provided him with an affectionate daughter, whose kindness, attention, and quiet disposition, are so congenial to his own.

At this period, out of delicacy to her husband's feelings, she had never hinted any idea of the fatal tendency of her disorder.

Early in March, after a very bad night, and under very acute bodily pain, the effect of another violent spasmodic attack, she said to me, 'I have suffered much from this attack, but we only think much of pain and suffering, when we think lightly of sin. Sin is the cause of all sorrow, pain, and death. We are apt to complain, but we forget the

exceeding sinfulness of sin. Sin is the transgression of the law, of the infinitely holy God. It must therefore be infinitely evil. This thought should reconcile us to tribulation and pain.'

Looking back one day to past events, I said, 'What a vain phantom is human life? It seems but the other day, and yet it is near thirty-seven years' since I remember coming to Clement's Lane, the evening before our marriage. No words can describe the pleasure that I felt on the occasion. Now all this is past and gone. I see, alas, too plainly, that we must ere long, part. I dread the separation. All that I then felt seems like the sport of imagination, and scarcely worthy of the ardour and anxiety which I then experienced.' She replied, 'You must not say so; consider our mercies. I have been comfortably provided for nearly thirty-seven years. We have lived together in great endearment. Few have been so happy as we have been: we never slept in strife. Besides, you know, when it pleased God to take your first partner; she sank in a decline at the age of twenty-six, you were only thirty; she left you with three little babes; Louisa only six years old, Basil only three and a half, Hannah little more than two. I endeavoured to fulfil the tender duties of the deceased parent. I think no children ever loved a mother-in-law more tenderly. You remember with what innocent glee they all came to the gate to

receive me on my marriage. I saw you could hardly support it; the scene was very affecting; God thus provided a mother for them; they would never have known the difference, but for some of your relatives; you well recollect how angry Basil was, when an indiscreet acquaintance said that I was not his mother. He never could bear that person afterwards, and would scarcely behave with common civility to her.¹ We have now lived to see them all finish their course with joy. They have all died in the faith and obedience of the gospel of Christ; like their poor mother, all in declines; Basil at the age of twenty-three, Hannah at the age of twenty-eight, and last year Louisa, at the age of forty-two. Dear Louisa always ascribed her love of divine things, to her conversations with me at the early age of seven. You know also that the last letter she ever wrote was to *me*, as she lay upon her dying bed. It was full of overwhelming affection. Nothing could exceed the tender regard I have experienced from the children, and indeed all your first wife's family. Mrs. Wood, her mother, always treated me with the affection of a parent,

¹ I can never forget her kindness to him during his last illness. She was his constant companion, often read to him, and endeavoured to assist in directing his attention to the great source of comfort in affliction. He frequently expressed his tender estimation of her maternal affliction. The last words he uttered were, 'My mother!' The sympathy, the prayers and consolations I myself experienced from her during the whole of this most anxious and afflicting period, greatly heightened all the sentiments I had before entertained of her intrinsic excellence.

and both her daughters styled me in their letters, *beloved sister*. I was the constant companion of the eldest on her death-bed ; and when the survivor died last year, I felt the loss most deeply. I had been her confidant in all her anxieties, and most tenderly loved her. Besides, I hope I have been a comfort to *you*. I trust I have been no impediment, or drawback to your ministry. You have aimed at promoting the kingdom of your Redeemer, in the education of children, and in the conversion of the heathen, and also of the Jews ; and I have aimed at the same object in my little schools, and the Lying-in Charity. It has also pleased our Heavenly Father to prosper the efforts of us both. You must not therefore speak as if events were of little importance, because they pass away. Nothing is insignificant which relates to eternity. Many of these and the like events are, I doubt not, attended with immortal benefit. Think of *eternity —eternity!* The result is bright and glorious.'

I replied, 'you are certainly right : I spake unadvisedly : I have always considered our union as one of the most important and happiest events of my life. " My song must be of judgment ;" but it shall be also " of mercy : unto thee, O Lord, will I sing." That so many of my dearly-beloved children have laid hold of a hope beyond the grave, is worth a martyrdom, if that would have obtained it. I hope I would have gone to the stake, could that

have purchased it. But it cost more than this to redeem their souls.'

On the Sunday following, after returning from public worship, I said, 'We had your favourite Psalm, (page 190), which I altered from Lord Roscommon's *Dies Iræ*.' She replied, 'Fine composition!' and repeated—

Great Judge of all, eternal King !
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring !
To thee my contrite heart I bend,
My God, my Saviour, and my friend !

adding, 'My favourite verse is the 4th.'

Thou who wast moved with Mary's grief,
Thou who absolv'd'st a dying thief,
Grant me at thy right hand a place,
A sinner saved alone by grace.

Then, lifting up her hand, she said, 'Ah, it is only by grace we are saved. Grace gave the Son of God for the sin of the world. Grace brought the Saviour down from heaven. Grace teaches the heart to receive the blessing. I should be without hope, but for grace; nothing in me will bear examination; not a duty I have performed, not a work I have ever done, no prayers, no praises I have ever offered, will bear the test of the sanctuary. So much frailty and imperfection is in all I do. "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Yet I am not without hope. I have endeavoured to love and serve my God and Saviour. The precious blood of Christ Jesus cleanses from all sin; the merit of his perfect

righteousness, these are my only plea, in these I glory.

When from the dust of death I rise,
And view my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

March 19th, being the anniversary of the death of my beloved Basil, we conversed on the subject, of the great mercies attendant on his last illness, his death, and his hope of glory. While thus conversing, a letter was brought into the chamber, which communicated the probability of an abridgment of our income to the amount of about £180. per annum. I endeavoured to conceal my surprise, and the anxiety I felt at the moment: but the seal of the letter was large, and caught her eye, and my attempt was fruitless. I was therefore obliged to state the ground of the apprehension; at the same time expressing my hope that it would not distress her mind, or cause her a sleepless night. Her remarks immediately were, 'Let it not distress *you*; *I* am not the least disturbed at the prospect. I view all these events as in the Lord's hands. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father. As to myself, I shall probably soon be beyond the reach of all these trials: and as to *you*, you may not want the supplies of this life long. Let none of these privations move you. Your income of late years has been considerably abridged; but you have

still been carried on ; and my God will supply all your need. Besides, through the blessing of providence, you are still better off than many of the clergy. As to the dear children, God will take care of them ; you have never sought earthly advantages for them ; no, you have indeed sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things, you may rely upon it, shall be added. Besides, there is a dignity which becomes a Christian, and especially a Christian minister. It is unworthy of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus to be agitated about these things. ‘ Man wants but little here below.’ I assure you I feel above all these things now. This communication will not produce a restless night, no, nor an anxious thought.’

I remarked, ‘ I recollect that that excellent man, Mr. Walker of Truro, used to say, “ I have nothing to support me but the curacy of Truro. If I outlive my strength for this service, I am, as a parishioner, entitled to the workhouse, where I can still serve God, and enjoy his service. Besides, I may still administer instruction and consolation to my fellow paupers.’ This good man gave up a small benefice, and died curate of Truro, because he considered Truro as the most useful sphere. However, he did not end his days in the workhouse, but died on a visit to the late Earl of Dartmouth at Blackheath.

On the following day, being requested to visit a lady, dying of internal disease, at about the age of

thirty-four, I remarked, 'How mysterious is the aggregate of human affliction!' She instantly replied, 'We are apt to forget the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Sin is an offence against an infinitely holy God.' I said, 'True, death is the wages of sin ; therefore all suffer and die. Still it is a great mystery. There is also an infinite variety in affliction. Some, like myself, scarcely know ill health ; others seem never well ; *you*, though you have not been disabled, or incapacitated by illness, yet for the last fifteen years you have experienced much pain ; your sufferings are at times very acute, and you are never wholly free from uneasiness.' She meekly replied, 'I leave it all to my heavenly Father, I cannot understand it here : I do not perplex myself about it ; I am willing and desirous to wait. In another world I shall see that all the ways of God have been holy, just, and good. I have no doubt but this very dispensation is directed by the infinite wisdom and goodness of God. There I leave it with perfect satisfaction. All I want is to feel more of my unworthiness, my dependence, and his goodness. My times are in his hands. Oh, to lie passive in his hands, and know no will but his ; this is true happiness.

On Sunday morning, March 22, she appeared very ill. Observing that I could not repress my anxiety, she took hold of my hand very affectionately and said, 'Do not be dejected ; the end is bright

and glorious ; our present afflictions are temporal ; they are light and but for a moment ; the weight of glory is far more exceeding and eternal.'

On the Tuesday following I was informed, by letter, that the parochial allowance for the evening lecture was finally withdrawn. On my mentioning to her the decision of the vestry, she replied, 'It was what I expected. It seems hard: you were the first clergyman that established an evening lecture in this large parish in the year 1785. You bore the whole expense of it for twenty-eight years. At first it was pointedly opposed, and many objections were raised. You however persisted. Now all the churches and chapels have followed your example. It seems rather hard that after a period of forty-four years' service and expense, the vestry should withdraw their support.' But smiling, she added, 'I know you will not withdraw your services. No ; while you have health and strength, go on. It has brought many to think seriously of God and eternity. Go on ; and may you be the means of turning many more to righteousness. The chapel will not now pay ; but as to your temporal provision, my God will supply all your need, according to his riches in glory.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

He can supply. All hearts are in his hands. He *will* supply. Remember the text on which you preached last year—"It is I, be not afraid." It is remarkable that, like the manna in the wilderness, our supplies have been continued, under the pressure of heavy expenses and privations. God can provide a table in the wilderness. Let us join in prayer and praise—'Praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that's to come.' Two years ago this would have greatly agitated me; but my mind is now above all these things, I am glad I know the final result. It is best for us to be dependent. It excites prayer, exercises faith, awakens gratitude, enlivens sympathy. We have never wanted—we never *shall* want. As Mr. Newton expressed it—'Believe it now; you shall see it hereafter, in time, and in eternity.'

March 26.—Our chapter was 2nd Peter iii. She repeated verse 8—"One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" adding, 'Our finite minds can form no idea of that sentiment. Time and space are no boundaries to an infinite God. I have loved to read a little about prophecy; but I have ceased to be anxious, or to investigate. Heaven is where *Christ* is;—where *Christ* is, there is *heaven*. Whether he come in the clouds at the beginning of the millennium, or at the end, I feel a matter of little importance. Some have conjectured that the second Advent will take

place in 1806; others in 1847. This earliest period will not be in our time. I trust, ere that time, it will be our privilege to depart, and to be with Christ. I think I would sooner die, and be absent from the body and present with the Lord, than wait to meet Him in the air. His presence is heaven. I am therefore willing to depart, or to tarry till He come. Oh, what a blessed prospect! to be a thousand years with the Lord, and then to find that thousand years as one day; not nearer the end than it was at the beginning; an eternity of happiness. Lord, make us to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.'

March 30.—On my observing that our diminution of income had abridged our little means of doing good, she replied, 'Well, nothing can happen without the permission of our heavenly Father. How easily might it have been otherwise ordered! But it is best for us. If He permits it, it is right. What satisfaction this gives to the mind! It is best for us to *feel*, as well as *know* our dependance upon God. There is great danger in what is commonly called 'independence.' We are all apt to grow self-sufficient, and self-confident, and to forget God; or at least not sufficiently to feel how dependent we all are on his pleasure. The human mind is very frail; easily swayed, and thrown off its guard. Though I have no doubt that your unfeigned aim and desire is to promote the kingdom of Christ by

every proper means ; yet, had you come into a large increase of fortune, it might have paralyzed you, damped your zeal, and abridged your usefulness. It might also have had a bad effect on your family. I remember, some years ago, when I was first noticed by people of rank and consequence, I thought I felt the danger. Self-importance is closely allied to all success and notice. I was afraid of its influence. I was afraid I should forget myself, and my humble station, and get above the poor, who were the more immediate objects of my duty. A minister's wife should be neat and plain in her dress, humble in her deportment, and familiar, affable, and kind to the poor around her. She should avoid whatever sets her at an injurious distance from those of low estate.' I said, ' Nobody, I am sure, can charge you with defect in this instance. You have always been ready to do good ; and have done good in a kind manner. You have done good in instances in which not one in fifty of your sex possesses sufficient delicacy, or is worthy of sufficient confidence to be trusted. I well remember, many years ago, four young women decoyed by wicked men from the path of virtue. From the high confidence they felt in you, they made you acquainted with their condition. Instead of insult and reproach, you treated them with commiseration. You lamented their misconduct, provided for them during their confinement, and assisted in procuring them situations.

Two of them are now respectably married ; one is dead ; the other has left the neighbourhood : but who the parties were, neither your lips nor mine have ever disclosed. But for *you*, they would probably have been consigned to shame and misery. They have lived to call you blessed. I consider such actions as *real good works*, acceptable to God, and approved of men.' She meekly replied, ' Well, I have nothing whereof to boast. St. Paul says, " Who maketh thee to differ ? " If I have done any good, to God be all the praise.'

April 2.—Our evening chapter was Eph. iv. After reading it, she observed on the communion of saints, verses 4, 5, 6. ' Blessed and eternal union ! unchangeable ! neither time nor eternity dissolves it ! ' I instantly said, ' We have been united in tender affection many years. I would fain pray that you might be spared a little longer. It may please God to restore you : but should he see fit to take you from me, I shall endeavour to cherish the remembrance of our union till we meet again. When able, I shall retire at our morning hour of prayer, and converse in spirit with you. Our mutual prayers will have ceased ; but our mutual praises will survive the separation. I shall love to retire and think of your superior happiness ; and look forward to the day when, I trust, we shall meet again. I will endeavour to recollect that every hour brings us nearer ; and at our next

meeting, there will be no more pain or imperfection—no trials of any kind : our interview will be eternal—never, never, never more to part.' We were both much affected ; and when she awoke in the night, she repeated the following lines :—

There we, to all eternity,
Shall join the angelic lays ;
And sing, in perfect harmony,
To God our Saviour's praise.
He hath redeemed us by his blood ;
Hath made us kings and priests to God ;
For us, for us, the Lamb was slain,
Praise ye the Lord, Amen, Amen !

Her mind was at this time full of pious reflection, and very spiritual. Speaking of the inconsistencies of some good people, she said, ' Self-knowledge teaches forbearance. God bears with more in us, than we ever bear with in others—than we ever *would* bear with.'

On the following Monday, after a night spent without sleep, and in much pain ; allusion having been made to the amount of a collection made on the preceding evening at the chapel for the Irish Translation Society, she expressed herself highly gratified, but shortly after burst into tears, and wept hysterically. I perceived the cause : it was the thought that her seat at the chapel was unoccupied, and that the delight of public worship, and the pleasure of promoting the kingdom of the Saviour, would by her be known no more. After she had

wept some time, I said, 'It is highly gratifying to me to see our beloved flock ready to every good work. We call on them very frequently, but I have never heard any unkind observations. The only objections to our frequent collections have been made by some rich people, who ought to be ashamed of themselves: and I should be ashamed of myself if I were weak enough to regard their objections. It will always be a source of gratitude to me that we have assisted so many institutions, and stimulated other churches. But why should you weep? When you were in health, you did much good in a quiet way. Your school of Bentinck girls—the little girls of the School of Industry—and above two thousand poor women relieved by the Lying-in-Charity—Many will call you blessed.' Roused, she instantly, though very feebly and tremulously replied, 'Pray—pray! not a word of that—I cannot bear it.' I rejoined, 'But surely we may acknowledge these things as special favours of Providence, without vanity or self-applause.' She repeated, 'Pray, do not—I cannot bear it. A sinner saved alone by grace—that is my stand. God hath said, "*I will not cast thee off for ever*"—That is my hope. There I cling. I have no rapture, but blessed be God, I have no despondency,

Jesus! thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy may I lift up my head,

When from the dust of death I rise,
And view my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus has lived, has died for me.

April 17. Good Friday.—On my return from chapel, she said, 'I have heard what was your text — "*Behold the man!*" I cannot now join in worship, I am so weak and exhausted; but, what a mercy! I can lie here quiet, and by faith behold Him whom, I trust, my soul loveth.

Let me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While I view Him on the tree,
Weep and bleed, and die for me.

I love these seasons. They give a reality to faith; Christ is as it were set before our eyes. I can sympathize with the Divine sufferer; and, strange to say, my mind at three o'clock seems as if it were relieved. The agony then seems over. At that hour the Saviour bowed his head and expired. Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of the love of Christ! it passeth knowledge. There is also something in Easter-eve congenial to my feelings. It seems a peculiar season of rest, quiet, anticipation, and hope. It seems to reconcile me to the thought of dying, and being buried. It excites also the hope of a glorious resurrection. I trust to be with him in Paradise.'

April 19. Easter Sunday.—On my return from chapel, she observed, 'This is a day of holy joy

and triumph. On Good Friday the sentiment was *sympathy*: this day it is *victory*. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God; he hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

On my expressing, some days after, the keen distress of my feelings at observing her increased debility and exhaustion, she affectionately said, 'You know that we must sometime part. I am thankful that you are not the sufferer. Your health and spirits are still good. You are still equal to exertion in your public duties, and in various ways, which many younger men are not. I hope your life will be yet spared for increasing usefulness; and as you are on the verge of your seventieth year, it will probably not be long before we meet again.' I said, 'Should I have the great affliction to lose you—and indeed I much fear that it will be my trial—I hope, now that the education of my children is at an end, I shall be enabled to devote more time to my ministerial duties.' She replied, 'Preparation for the pulpit, superintendence of schools, visits to the sick, and relief of the afflicted, are a minister's duties. If he can have these, he must ask no more. These are his riches, his honours, his preferments, his all.' I replied, 'I think these far more useful than deep study of the prophecies, or the controversies of which I was once so fond. The Catholic Theology of the celebrated Richard Baxter damped that ar-

dour; and I came to the HOLY BIBLE, like the dove to the ark, I trust with gratitude and humility. There, and there only I now rest. The works of the celebrated Charles Leslie confirmed my sentiments on the subjects of episcopacy and church government; but I trust I love all the faithful in Christ Jesus of every community. I regard them with respect and Christian courtesy.' She replied, 'Our sentiments accord in that and most instances. I decidedly prefer the communion of the Church of England. Her moderation, sobriety, and candour, will bear the test.' She shortly added, with great affection, 'I am very thankful that I have the prospect of being removed first. I know not how I should have borne the pang of *your* death. A widow also is a poor disconsolate being. I shall not now know the pain of being compelled to quit a residence long endeared to me. *You* will have no anxieties about providing for me; and at your death our children will come into immediate possession of whatever you may leave. All these are great and special mercies.'

May 17. In great pain she exclaimed, 'Oh, my merciful God, have mercy upon me! Surely this cannot last long. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt—*what* thou wilt—*as* thou wilt—*when* thou wilt.'

Her sufferings at this period increasing, our lengthened conversations became less frequent,—

Having, some time after this, received an intimation of its being the intention of the congregation, though wholly unsolicited on my part, to supply the loss sustained by the withdrawal of the parochial allowance for the evening service, she remarked, ‘ “The silver and the gold is mine, saith the Lord.” I congratulate you on this token of the regard of your flock. It is highly to their credit. But we must still look to him from whom the preparation of the heart proceeds. They have been kind to you in other instances. Still you must not presume on the continuance of this act of liberality. You are fully aware of the great uncertainty of the human character. The present kindness is highly gratifying, even should it not be repeated any more.’

With reference to the same subject, on another occasion, she remarked, ‘ I hope this unexpected kindness in the congregation will not operate as a restriction on our usual collections for charitable purposes.’ I replied, ‘ You need not be apprehensive on that point. When a deputation from the Committee of the chapel called on me, and informed me that upwards of £200 had been collected ; and that they were desirous of repairing and beautifying the chapel from that fund ;’ my answer was, ‘ Certainly—by all means.’ At the same time I anticipated your objection, and said, ‘ I hope this will not be considered as a restraint on my frequent appeals in behalf of charitable institutions ; for if it is ex-

pected to operate in that manner, I must beg leave to decline accepting the gratuity.' The reply immediately returned was, 'That no such idea was entertained.'

I was one day complaining to her of the constant interruptions of London—the fatigue arising from a large correspondence, a numerous acquaintance, frequent visits, &c. &c. and lamented that I had not more time for the composition of my sermons. I observed, 'I decline seeing any person until after one o'clock; yet after all I cannot command my time for devotion, study of the scriptures, and other duties as much as I earnestly desired.' On which she made the following observations: 'We are under different dispensations. To *me* it is appointed to submit, and to suffer—to lie passive in the hands of my God, and know no will but his. To *you* it is appointed to be active, "always abounding in the work of the Lord; and your labour will not be in vain." Consider, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Regard all with whom you come in contact—whether you visit them, or they visit you—as persons to whom you must endeavour to do good, or from whom you have to endeavour to derive good. Keep this always in view; then it will be of little importance how you may be interrupted. All will then turn to good account. Keep this in view, and God will, by his special assistance, expand your short time for composition. He will

suggest what is really profitable. Fine compositions and polished periods are lost on congregations. But "a word in season, how good is it!" Truth *felt*, when imparted, speaks to the heart. I do not say, be remiss, or negligent in study; but when calls of real duty abridge study, it is not presumption to trust to divine assistance. God has carried you on hitherto—through forty-six years of your ministry. He has blest and prospered you: he will do so to the end. Oh, may your path shine more and more unto the perfect day!' I replied, 'You are perfectly right. I dislike the affectation of fine language, as much as I dislike superficial, unstudied, unconnected discourses. Our Saviour's addresses are grand, plain, and simple. This is the best standard.' She then observed, as she had often done before—'Prepare in prayer; compose in prayer; preach in prayer. The seed thus sown will assuredly spring up.'

Before I left the room, I said, 'I am at a loss this day what to do. There are several persons in trouble whom I wish to visit. Two have sent for me who are near death—one of a fever, aged twenty-eight; another, (Mrs. S.) aged a hundred.' She instantly replied, 'By all means, go without delay to the dying: the immortal soul has the first claim.' I rejoined, 'Right, I will go directly.' On my return, I said, 'Poor Mrs. M. is near her departure.' She replied, 'No; no; not poor—*rich*.'

happy Mrs. M ; so near the rest which remaineth for the people of God.'

August 5.—She very affectionately observed, *this* is your birth-day ; you have now entered on your seventieth year. Many, many happy returns of *this* day ! I do not mean another seventy years ; that would be a dreary prospect. No, as many years as your heavenly Father sees fit, years of usefulness, and then a quiet dismissal.' I replied, ' For many years, *this* day, *your* birth-day, and our marriage day, have been days of gratitude and endearment. *This* year I can scarcely bear their return. Yet I desire to be thankful for mercies, countless as the sands, which I daily receive.' I hope that I *am* thankful.

' Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,

My daily thanks employ.'

But when I reflect that these are the last anniversaries which, to our mutual enjoyment, will ever return, they vibrate upon my nerves with painful emotion. I now anticipate these days with solitary mourning. I feel it hard to part, and very difficult to say, "Thy will be done," though I have the fullest conviction, that the will of my heavenly Father is holy, just, and good.' Her reply was, ' You must leave all to his wise disposal. We have no right to anticipate. All we desire should be to glorify God. At our time of life, we cannot be long separate. I trust that you will be permitted to continue a few more years in the service

of your divine master. We part in hope of meeting again. Our parting is temporal, our next interview will be eternal.'

August 13.—She submitted a second time to the operation of tapping. It relieved her, but so exhausted her, that she appeared ready to sink under it.

August 15.—Oppressed with very painful and bilious sickness, she could take no refreshment. Her stomach appeared in a state of constant struggle and convulsive irritation. It was evident that she was sinking. Her features grew very sharp, and were greatly emaciated. Taking hold of my hand, she said, 'What a mercy it is that the great work is not now to be done; now I have no strength of body or mind. It is now as much as I can do to bear my infirmities. All I can now do is to lie prostrate at the foot of the cross of my Saviour. There I have lived, and there I die, looking unto Jesus, and imploring mercy. If I perish there, I perish at the feet of my Saviour.' I said, 'There is no danger of that; he casts out none that come to him. You have walked with God from your youth, above forty-three years. You well know in whom you have believed. He will never leave you, nor forsake you.' After a long pause, she said, '*Ebenezer! hitherto the Lord hath helped me; and though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I trust I shall fear no evil. My God will be*

with me ; he will comfort me. I am very gradually sinking. My strength is departed from me. I am glad it is *me*, not *you*.'

To a friend who was noticing her increasing debility, looking up towards heaven, and pointing with her finger, she said, 'There is no pain there.'

On the following day, Sunday, Bentinck Chapel being shut up for a temporary repair, I read prayers at Paddington Church in the morning. On my return home, I found that she had had a better night than usual, having slept about six hours. She had dozed the chief of the morning. At two o'clock she took a little refreshment. I took my tea with her in the afternoon. She was tolerably cheerful. We talked of the decease of our dear child, Mrs. Mortlock. I read to her a Poem on Rev. vii. 9, &c. and afterwards a Soliloquy on Death.

'Deathless principle: arise, &c. &c.'

They were the pious compositions of the late Rev. A. Toplady. I had read them to my expiring child on the 24th of August the preceding year. They exceedingly delighted her. One passage however much affected her, and I could scarcely articulate while I read it. The lines are very delicate and tender,

'Once loved on earth, not less beloved though gone.'

Not being the least aware of the event which

was at this time drawing near, I called after tea on our respected minister, Dr. C. and we went together to our District Church. One of the ministers being absent, I read the prayers. On my return home, a little after nine o'clock, I went into her chamber, and found her conversing with one of the family, on the scriptural account of death's entrance into the world. She commented very solemnly upon the mystery of the event, the glory and grace of the Redeemer, and the all-sufficiency of his redemption; remarking that she humbly trusted that Adam and Eve, although first in the transgression, were recovered by the death and merits of the seed of the woman, and were now in heaven among the first trophies of his victory.

After this exertion she felt fatigued, and complained of cold and exhaustion. She requested me to pray with her, intimating that she was too weak to attend to any more reading, adding, 'Only a short prayer.'

Our prayer lasted scarcely three minutes. The sabbath-day suggested the subject. We acknowledged the mercies of creation, the finished work of redemption by the resurrection of the Saviour, and the completion of the work of salvation by the descent of the Holy Spirit. We prayed for our family; for all the faithful in Christ Jesus; for all the clergy, for all ministers of the gospel; and that as we joined in prayer now, we might meet and

join hereafter in immortal praise, in a perpetual sabbath.

After prayer, she said, "Now go down to supper, and send the servants up to make my bed." This was about ten o'clock. She was lifted out of bed, and having adjusted her night-dress herself, observed pleasantly, that she had not done it for several weeks. Shortly after, she complained of increased exhaustion, and leaned her head on her attendant who was supporting her; not able at all to assist herself, she was lifted back into the bed, where she immediately reclined on her pillow, while the bed clothes were being adjusted, and her feet wrapped in flannel. Though, at her desire, the bed had been warmed, she complained of cold. At about twenty minutes past ten, her attendant observed her countenance alter, her eyes had become fixed; she sent to me to come up immediately, at the same time saying to her mistress, 'My dear madam, you appear very ill.' She made no reply, but gently pressed her hand, and drew one long breath, as if quite exhausted. The instant I entered the room, I exclaimed, 'Oh, it is all over!' Her youngest son who followed immediately, said, 'She is certainly dying.' He went to her, and kneeling down by her bed-side, very affectionately whispered in her ear. 'Now, my dearest mother, look up; "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." All is bright and glo-

rious before you.' She made no reply, nor do I think that she was conscious of what he had said, or of what was taking place. The veil of mortality was at that instant removing. It was as it were a translation from earth to heaven, without the least consciousness of death. She drew two long breaths, and expired.

Such was her quiet departure. The dismissal of her happy spirit did not occupy three minutes, and, as far as we could judge, she was perfectly unsuspecting of the event, until she opened her eyes, and beheld her Saviour face to face, in glory everlasting.

About eleven o'clock our family knelt round the bed on which her dear remains lay, and returned thanks to our heavenly Father for his great goodness towards her, and implored that the bereavement might be sanctified to us all. May we all live the life of the righteous! May we all die the death of the righteous! Oh, may our last end be like hers!"

Such is the account which our beloved, but now departed and lamented friend, has left on record of the character and experience of his amiable and deservedly beloved wife. Of his own feelings under the painful stroke of separation, and its subsequent effects on his health and spirits, one of his sons has given the following statement.

' On perceiving that my dear mother had ceased to breathe, my father went into slight hysterics; but

soon revived sufficiently to offer up a prayer (the prayer above alluded to) with the assembled family, kneeling around her bed. He seemed greatly supported under the affliction, and frequently, during the days previous to her interment, went into the room where her beloved remains were, and seemed to derive consolation from the humble confidence that, while the earthly tabernacle was being dissolved, the blessed spirit has entered into the presence of the Saviour. He attended the funeral, which was followed by several thousands of the neighbourhood, and was enabled shortly afterwards to resume his usual duties at the chapel, which had been for a short time closed for repairs. But his nerves were evidently much affected by the afflicting bereavement, and for some months after, on the weekly return of the evening on which she died, he would say, 'About this time her dear dear spirit took its flight. Well, I am so many weeks nearer our meeting again, no more to part for ever.'

In the following September he went into Shropshire, to preach and assist in forming associations, &c. in behalf of the Jews' Society. He remained there about three weeks, with his daughter, Mrs. Gabert. The change seemed to benefit his spirits; and on his return to London, constant engagements alleviated the frequent recollection of past scenes. His general health did not appear to be very deeply affected, though his spirits were frequently very

much depressed. He resumed his usual course of public duties and engagements ; taking the first service, and the sermon on the sabbath morning, as formerly, and the whole of the evening service ; visiting the schools and sick of his congregation, and attending the committees of various religious institutions.

In the month of May, 1830, he was induced to take an interest in the Western Hospital, St. Mary-lebone, the circumstances of which had become greatly embarrassed. In his endeavours to assist this Institution, he was exposed to much annoyance and perplexity. This circumstance is mentioned merely on account of its connexion with his last illness.

Towards the end of the summer he again visited Drayton, where he remained for some time, but apparently under an impression that it was very uncertain whether he should ever be permitted to visit it again.

He had always expressed great pleasure in visiting this residence, remarking that ' he had ever found his health and spirits improved by the change of scene and the relaxation which it afforded him—that he never enjoyed the quiet any where else that he enjoyed here ;' and when the time of his departure arrived, he as constantly expressed his regret. This was especially the case on the present occasion, after the severe loss he had so recently sustained, and the vacancy it had created in his residence at

Paddington. 'I have now no wife,' he would say, 'to welcome me on my return to town—no one can ever be a substitute for *her*; no one is like a *wife*. I dread going back to her empty room. But it is a mercy I shall be so fully occupied. The multiplicity of business, and the number of letters that will require my attention, will help to divert my mind, and prevent my dwelling on a loss which I must ever keenly feel. I do not mean to say that I am not resigned to the will of God in my bereavement, knowing that he orders all things well. Still, as it affects my earthly comfort, it is a loss which can never be repaired.'

During this, his last visit to Drayton, he made another excursion into Shropshire, to his son-in-law's, the Rev. Mr. Gabert, and preached at several neighbouring churches for the benefit of the Jews' Society. He continued there nearly a month. The cause of the Jews appeared to have declined in that part of the country, and he thought his journey had not been attended with his usual success. He returned from thence to Drayton without sufficient rest, and complained of fatigue in a way he had seldom done before. He appeared to have over-exerted himself, and from this time was not in his usual health and vigour. While here he addressed the following letter to his brother and sister-in-law :

' Drayton, Oct. 1830.

' MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER LOUISA.

' Accept my best thanks for your kind letters of condolence ; the last of which arrived in July. The bereavement with which it has pleased my heavenly Father to visit me, has been indeed most painful. It has made a deep chasm in my domestic comforts. To me the loss is irreparable. I have now completed my seventieth year, and had fondly hoped that my beloved Sophia would have been spared to be my companion in the decline of life, if a few more years were appointed for me. All this hope has now passed away like a dream ; but it is not forgotten, any more than the dear object with whom it was associated. Still I am not unhappy. I am with her continually in spirit, and can rejoice in the blessed hope that I have now advanced six months nearer to the day when, I trust, I shall ascend to the life immortal, and be again united with her for ever in the presence of the Lord. I am just returned from a tour in Shropshire for the Jews' Society. I spent three weeks with my daughter, Mrs. Gabert. They all inquired very kindly after you. My health, thank God, is still good, and also my spirits, when I am fully employed ; but my nerves are deeply shaken.

' Farewell, dear brother and sister. Accept all our loves to yourselves and the dear children. I do

not expect that we shall meet again in this world.
May we all meet at last in glory everlasting!

‘ Your ever affectionate brother,

BASIL WOODD.’

On the 23rd of October he returned from this his favourite retreat, to Paddington. For the last few days previous to his departure, his spirits appeared unusually low ; and, on quitting, he took leave with great tenderness and emotion, expressing his apprehension that he might never visit the place again. ‘ You know,’ said he to his son and daughter-in-law, ‘ that at my time of life, now nearly seventy-one years of age, my return must be very, very uncertain ; I may never see you here again—somehow I think I never shall.’ On leaving the house to meet the stage he returned a *third* time to take his affectionate, reluctant farewell : and in the garden, after having taken leave of his old servant, T. Kipping, he turned back to shake hands with him, saying, ‘ May God bless and keep you till we meet again—at our^a time of life is may never be in this world.’

During the summer he had formed the plan of resigning the living of Drayton in favour of his eldest son, the Rev. Charles Woodd, who had for several years been his curate there. The plan met the approbation of the patroness of the living, and she very kindly promised it to my brother on his

(the father's) relinquishing it. 'A kind providence,' he observed, 'appeared to have directed this event, as the parish would thus be provided with a pious minister, and a small income afforded to one of his children.'

On his arrival at Paddington, he resumed his usual duties, and there was no apparent cause for apprehension that his constitution was on the point of giving way. In the month of November, in consequence of disputes among of the managers of the above-mentioned Western Hospital, the person who had established that Institution, on premises which my father had some years before erected at his own expense for the accommodation of the boys of the Philological Society, and the children of the schools of Bentinck chapel, became largely in debt to him for rent; and he was advised to take legal steps for the recovery of the arrears. After expressing much unwillingness (having never before had recourse to proceedings of so painful a nature) he was reluctantly prevailed upon to adopt the expedient, and accordingly arrested his tenant. But the anxiety and dread, lest by this procedure he should have acted in a way unworthy of the Christian character, and the apprehension that the family of his tenant might become involved in difficulties, so affected him, that the excitement proved too much for his physical strength; and on the following Sunday (Nov. 14.) he was attacked,

towards the close of the service, with a sickness which almost prevented his proceeding with the remainder of his sermon. The sickness continued for some time, and he did not attempt the evening service. On the following day he was seized with a slight attack of gout, to which he had for some years been occasionally subject. This confined him till the 28th, when he again resumed his labours at the chapel: but, during the preceding week, he determined to put a stop to all further proceedings against his arrested tenant, observing, 'The world will laugh at me, but no one can tell what I have suffered.'

Towards the end of January 1830, he received another severe shock from the sudden death of one of the constant members of his congregation—a gentleman to whom he was sincerely attached, and who had been a firm and steady friend during a long series of years. This event affected him very much.

About the same time he had the satisfaction of carrying into effect the plan above mentioned with reference to the Rectory of Drayton, by signing the deed of resignation in favour of his son,—a circumstance which gratified and delighted him as much as the former had depressed him.

It is supposed that these conflicting emotions, occurring at nearly the same time, were more than his enfeebled powers could now sustain. He performed the funeral service for his deceased friend

on the 3rd of February, though he was then very unwell. On Sunday the 6th he was suddenly seized with a fainting fit while the minister was reading the third collect at the morning service. He was carried into the vestry of the chapel, where, after great sickness and exhaustion, he in some measure revived, and it was with much difficulty he was prevailed upon not to proceed to the pulpit ; so determined was he to lose no opportunity of labouring in the cause of his master. After the sermon, he assisted in administering the holy sacrament to about a hundred and fifty communicants. But he did not attempt the evening service. It had been his intention to preach on the subject of the death of his departed friend, and he shed tears on feeling himself unable to pay this last tribute to his memory.

On the following day he complained of extreme internal weakness, and of indigestion, to which he had never before been much subject. On Sunday the 13th, he once more ventured into the pulpit, and preached in the morning from Col. i. 27. " Christ in you the hope of glory," with much apparent feeling and effect ; during which, however, he felt very weak. After service he asked me whether I had observed any difference in his discourse ; assigning as a reason for the inquiry, that he had felt much difficulty in collecting his ideas, and as though what he was delivering was diffuse

and unconnected. But this idea, it appears, had existed only in his own mind. This, however, was the last sermon he was permitted to preach. He did not attend the evening service.

On the next day, Dr. Hooper and two other medical friends attended and held a consultation on his case. They ascribed his indisposition to high nervous excitement during the two years last passed, and prescribed complete rest from all public labour, and great quiet. He inquired whether there was any danger in his case—adding, ‘Do not hesitate to tell me—I trust I am not afraid to die; I have not the great work to begin.’

From this time his illness gradually advanced; the chief symptoms of which were, loss of appetite, and great irritability of the stomach, the digestive organs being apparently quite deranged. He became much reduced, and had occasionally very restless nights. Still he continued to attend to the concerns of the different religious institutions with which he was connected, and conversed with many of his friends.

On the 2nd of April, he was visited by Sir H. Halford, who thought that, with great care, he might recover; and no one anticipated immediate danger. His inward weakness, however, greatly increased, and his stomach would no longer bear the medicines which had heretofore relieved him.

His own observations at this time were, ‘I feel

as if I were going home—sweet home! Oh! what mercy to be with my Saviour, who has done so much for me. I have no righteousness of my own to stand in, none, none! He is my righteousness. What mercy to a poor sinful worm, to have been called at an early age, and upheld through his grace, in his ways ever since, so that, though I am encompassed with infirmity, I have not ‘wickedly departed from my God,’ but he has led me on. I trust there is a place prepared for me in my father’s kingdom. Oh, what a mercy to have a hope, sure and stedfast, through my Saviour, who is entered for us within the veil.’

On another occasion, speaking of his bodily ailments, he said, ‘It seems like a breaking up of nature; whether I shall rally or not, God only knows. I sometimes think I may recover, for with God all things are possible; but whether I live or die, I thank God I am prepared to acquiesce in his will. When I feel as if I should not recover, the prospect before me, the near prospect of the glory that awaits me, almost overwhelms me. I can hardly bear to speak of it, or to think of it.’ (He stopt and wept, but soon regained his composure, and went on.) ‘Thank God, not one doubt disturbs me; if I live, “To me to live is Christ, but to die will be great gain.” God has been very merciful to me, a sinner;—very merciful! He has redeemed my soul from death, by the precious blood of Christ. He is my

Father in Christ. Jesus Christ is my Saviour, and in him, my elder brother. I trust for acceptance with my Father, and lay my humble claim to the inheritance of the sons of God in glory everlasting : and I hope, my dear,' he added to the person he was addressing, ' I shall meet *you* there, and your dear family. God is a sovereign; he acts as a sovereign; sovereign in power, sovereign in wisdom, sovereign in love. He is too wise to be mistaken, too good to be unkind. I bow to his sovereignty; I do not understand it; I do not know why his purpose is thus and thus, but I know that all his purposes are directed by infinite wisdom, infinite mercy, and infinite justice too. I am brought to entire acquiescence in his will, whether it be for life or death.'

In his private diary is contained the following remark, dated March 5. ' I have aimed at promoting the knowledge and love of " the truth as it is in Jesus"—in the church, and the world at large. Oh that I had done more, and more simply and efficiently. I am ashamed, humbled, on account of all. But Oh! had I all the faith of Abraham, the zeal of St. Paul, the ardour of St. Peter, the meekness of Moses, I would look above all these excellent graces for my acceptance with God. No merit but that of my beloved Saviour—with the mantle of his obedience unto death may I be covered. May I be found in him,—accounted righ-

teous before God only for the merit of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Here I can rest through faith, and find it full of consolation. Glory be to God for such a hope within the veil.'

The last words of his journal, written a short time before his death, were, 'I come to my God asking for no reward—I ask only for mercy:—

'Mercy, good Lord, is all I ask;—

Lord, let thy mercy come.'

On the 8th of April he had commenced a letter to a friend, relative to his younger son's entering the ministry. In allusion to the same subject, he said to his son, 'If it should please God to bring you into the church, what delight it will afford me, to see you an earnest and faithful minister of the gospel.'

On the 9th, Sir H. H. again saw him, and said he was weaker. He took an airing with a friend who constantly afforded him the use of her carriage. It was the last time he went out. The next day (Sunday) he remained in bed until three o'clock in the afternoon. His voice became much altered; he with great difficulty walked down stairs into the parlour, supported by two of the family, and drank tea with some friends. His debility was at that time supposed to have been occasioned by the opium he had taken; but it soon became evident that it was a rapid decay of nature. On the 11th his voice

became somewhat better, and he requested me to go into the city to his brother-in-law, whom he wished to see on business connected with his will. He afterwards got up, and with difficulty went into his study, when extreme debility came on. He received a visit from the highly-valued friend who had kindly presented his eldest son to the living of Drayton Beauchamp, and whom he had not seen since that arrangement had been completed. He was much affected, and expressed his gratitude with great warmth of feeling. Many other kind friends called whom he was not able to see.

To an individual whom he had known from a child, and who had been living in neglect of religious duties, he said, 'I am going the way of all flesh; let me impress on you the importance of the care of the soul. Read that blessed book, pointing to a Bible which was near him; and may we meet in heaven.' He afterwards said to one of the family — 'When death approaches, let my hand be placed on the Holy Bible, that that blessed book, which has been my guide and support through life, may be my support in my last trial.'

On my return from the city, I found Sir H. Halford, who informed me that my father was sinking. This heart-breaking sentence I shortly after ventured to announce to him. It was received by him with much less emotion than was felt by his informant; who added, 'I had trusted that God

would have spared you to his church and your family a little longer.' He shed a few tears, and replied, 'I should have wished to have continued—I feel the leaving of my family and congregation—but God's will be done.'

After a little conversation on the business on which I had been into the city, he was removed into his bed-room. Being too feeble to walk he was conveyed in a chair. When he was in bed he felt easy, and was enabled to see his legal friend, and to revise his will. At eight o'clock he proceeded with the letter above alluded to, relative to his son's entering the ministry, and completed it. He wrote with his usual firmness of hand, and his mind was perfectly collected. I prayed with him. During the night he slept occasionally, and at intervals was frequently heard repeating passages of Scripture. At four o'clock in the morning he was observed to breathe with some difficulty; he said he felt much exhausted, and added, "Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, that my eyes may see thy salvation." I then left him until about eight o'clock. He breathed much the same, and evinced little inclination to take nourishment. In the course of the morning he saw several of the family—he appeared to entertain no doubts as to his eternal safety; his mind was kept in perfect peace, being stayed on his God and Saviour. Some passages were repeated to him out of the Revelation, on the glory that awaits

the servant of God after he is delivered from the burden of the flesh, and is entering into the realms of light and life ; such as, "The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." To this and other passages he assented ; but he spoke with much difficulty ; the organs of his voice appeared to be much affected, and nearly to have lost all their energy. At about twelve o'clock his eldest son, the Rev. Charles Woodd, arrived from Drayton. He immediately recognized him, took hold of his hand, and said, 'God bless you.' At three o'clock he sat up with great difficulty, and signed his will, being supported by his legal friend, to whom he also said, 'God bless you, in time and in eternity.' He a little before this had said, 'I am sinking ;' and on a relative replying, "The Lord is now letting his servant depart in peace," he rejoined, "Yes, mine eyes shall see his salvation." At four o'clock Sir H. Halford again called, to whom, when he adverted to his difficulty of breathing, he said, 'Sir, is it the death rattle ?' Sir H. H. replied, 'We shall be able to relieve you,' and prescribed for him accordingly. He then said, 'Thank you, Sir, God bless you.' His breathing was somewhat relieved, but he spoke with great difficulty and exertion. He dozed at short intervals, and gradually became more exhausted, until he could only say, 'Good bye,' to

those around him. He shortly after began to breathe with a little less difficulty; was perfectly collected, and knew all around him, but presently appeared to take less notice of external objects; he lay quite still, his eyes fixed upward, breathing more easily, but slower and slower; his pulse growing fainter and fainter, until a little before nine o'clock, when without a sigh or the smallest effort of expiring nature, his immortal spirit took its flight, no doubt to the arms of his God and Saviour; whom, unseen, he had been enabled to love and serve, and in whose presence he was now permitted to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The weeping family knelt down around the beloved remains, and his clerical assistant offered up a short prayer in behalf of the bereaved—which closed the scene.

About two years before his departure he had said, 'When Basil was on his death-bed he said, I should be with him in twenty years.' This had dwelt much on his mind; and on the day of his last attack, when he was recovering from fainting, he said, 'Basil, I am coming to you.' The presentiment was accomplished;—he was buried on the same day, twenty years and one month from the death of his son.

CONCLUSION.

Thus lived, and thus died—if not one of the *greatest*, one of the most *amiable* and *exemplary*, and it may, perhaps, be safely added, one of the most *useful* characters of his day. For, though distinguished by no peculiar brilliancy of natural talent, or of extent of literary acquirement—nothing to charm the critical ear, or to gratify the mere admirers of pulpit oratory ; he possessed in a very eminent degree those qualities which are calculated to make their way to the heart, to impress divine truth on the understanding and the conscience, to conciliate affection, to soften down prejudice, to exhibit the religion of the gospel in its most attractive and inviting colours—in short, to “*win souls*” to Christ: and few, perhaps, have been made the instruments of awakening so many to a serious consideration of their situation as sinners, and of turning so many of the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. And it is an inquiry entitled to the most careful and attentive examination,—

What were those qualities, and what those maxims and principles of action on which he founded his conduct, and which, by the divine blessing, became productive of so much good, and the means of so extensively promoting the best interests of a fallen, erring, and suffering world? It is a question especially entitled to the consideration of those who have ventured to assume, or who have it in contemplation to engage in, the arduous and awfully responsible duties of the Christian ministry.

The most prominent characteristics of our deceased friend were—a mind deeply and powerfully impressed with the truth and importance of the religion he inculcated—a peculiar sweetness of natural temper, heightened and improved by the careful cultivation of the Christian graces—an uniform exercise of the most engaging courtesy, and kindness—a steady, undeviating adherence in his public teaching, to the simple doctrines of the *gospel*, without any affectation of novelty, or attempt to fathom or explain its deeper mysteries—a style of address well calculated to make its way to the consciences of his hearers, and which, while chaste and free from every thing that could give just offence to the most fastidious ear, was equally adapted to the most ordinary capacity—an assiduous attention to the more private duties of catechizing youth, distributing Bibles and religious tracts, visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, coun-

selling, admonishing, exhorting, as opportunities offered, and circumstances dictated—in a word, an unwearied perseverance in well-doing, under whatever discouragements or difficulties.

On the subject of his personal piety, little need be added to what has already come under review. It unequivocally evinced itself in the whole of his deportment, both in public and in private, abroad and at home, in his general intercourse with society, as well as in his domestic habits. He was not one of those who could inculcate the meekness and gentleness of Christ from the pulpit, while acting the part of the tyrant in his family. He “behaved himself wisely in a perfect way—he walked within his house with a perfect heart.” He loved his wife as Christ loved the church, who gave himself for it, nourishing and cherishing it. He brought up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He gave to his servants that which was right and equal. If he erred—and to err is human—it was on the side of over-indulgence. He was, perhaps, in some instances too lenient, but he was never unkind; nor did he ever appear to lose sight of the best interests, either of his congregation or of his own household. Whatever might be his errors, his intentions were always upright. So far he was “an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.”

His personal piety was strongly recommended by

the peculiar amiableness of his temper, heightened and improved, as it was, by the cultivation of all the Christian graces. In this respect he would, no doubt, have been endearingly amiable had he been wholly destitute of religion; as was the case with his poor unhappy son when under the influence of the most dangerous delusions. But the temper of the parent, naturally engaging, was sweetened and irradiated by that love of God, shed abroad in the heart, which breathes nothing but the purest good-will toward man. There was, with him, nothing repulsive, no sternness, no distance, no assumed air of conscious superiority, nothing to render access difficult. He was alike kind and condescending to all.¹

Natural dispositions may vary; but the cultivation of the Christian temper is of great importance in any one who would obtain credit for the sincerity of his religious professions, or who would effectually recommend the religion he inculcates. It was by this sweetness of natural temper, and the cultivation of the Christian graces of meekness and condescension, courtesy and kindness, that our deceased friend attracted so much attention, and conciliated

¹ Qualities, these, which it is painful to observe, have not always been found to attach to professed ministers of the same gospel; and the absence of which has not rarely operated to the discouragement of modest and diffident young men, who have felt the need of some one to take them by the hand, and afford them the benefit of his more extended experience. To which might likewise be added—that the want of those qualities has been not a little calculated to excite the disgust of persons not already prepossessed in favour of what is commonly termed evangelical religion.

so much good-will. It was this which so favourably impressed the minds of the young of his flock, and made them in love with religion almost before they understood what it was. It appeared so lovely in him, that they felt persuaded it could not be otherwise than lovely in itself, and as such, entitled to their attention and pursuit. He also hereby acquired much influence in his general intercourse with society. He sustained, in a very eminent degree, the character of a *peace-maker*. He formed a sort of bond of union in the midst of a large family connexion, and was the means of preserving or restoring harmony and love in many other instances, where, without the intervention of his kind offices, they would have been completely banished or destroyed. He was peculiarly successful in softening down prejudices, removing misunderstandings, reconciling apparent discrepancies, and conciliating the minds of men to doctrines and duties which they were naturally disposed to regard with aversion. He had in a very eminent degree the happy art of disarming opposition. His engaging deportment gave him influence in societies and committees, where many of his brethren scarcely dared to shew themselves. It was the same where any plan of benevolence, or the relief of any urgent case of distress was concerned. His appeals in the cause of charity were almost irresistible: it appeared as though he had only to *ask and have*. It was

wonderful with what success he once undertook to extricate from its embarrassments a society,¹ which, by the imprudence of its founder and chief manager, had become involved in debts to the amount of £1500. In a very short time, and principally through his means, the whole debt was discharged, and the society placed on a basis of permanent and extensive usefulness.

But these are matters of minor importance. Allusion has been made to his vast success in winning souls to Christ. No minister has the means of ascertaining the precise amount of his own success; but to a friend, from whom many of the foregoing particulars have been received, he stated, as early as the year 1798, that for a considerable time subsequent to his first entrance on the sacred office of the ministry, he had kept a regular account of the instances in which he had reason to believe he had been made essentially useful; but that, after they had amounted to about three hundred, he had ceased thus minutely to record or charge his memory with further cases. Yet it has been intimated, that his labours were then only beginning to take the wide range which they afterwards assumed: and, though no minute registry was then attempted, the fruits of his ministry are known to have been unusually abundant. Instances, indeed, to a considerable amount have been found

¹ The Philological Society.

recorded in various parts of his journal, the catalogue of which, no doubt, will be found greatly enlarged in that day when every man's work will be made manifest, and when "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they who have turned many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

In the mean while, it becomes a deeply interesting inquiry, 'What was the character of that ministry which was thus eminently and extensively blessed?' To which it may be replied, It consisted not in the splendour of pulpit eloquence, in the display of extraordinary natural talent, or in any studied art of persuasion. He could be eloquent; but his eloquence was that of simple truth, flowing from a heart which glowed with love, and evincing a deep and tender concern for the salvation of souls. There was with him no affectation of novelty—no attempt to dazzle or surprise by extraordinary statement—no disposition to go beyond his depth—no pretension to more than ordinary discovery—no over-great anxiety to unfold the mysteries of unfulfilled prophecy, or of the divine decrees. His public discourses were almost exclusively elementary,¹ experimental, and practical. The fallen

¹ He might, perhaps, with peculiar propriety be termed the minister of the young—the young in knowledge and experience, as well as in years. Hence, probably, the disposition evinced by so many of his converts, after becoming impressed with the importance of religion, to desert his ministry in favour of some other which appeared more calculated to build them up in the faith. It was a sort of maxim with him always to ascend the pulpit under the impres-

depraved state of man, devoid of every thing spiritually good; the redemption which is in Christ Jesus; justification by faith alone; regeneration, conversion, and sanctification by the Holy Ghost; communion with God; love to Christ; a watchful, humble conversation; obedience to the moral law, as the effect of faith; the ascription of salvation from first to last to the grace of God—these were his usual topics. On debateable matters he was very sparing. It may aid the present inquiry to state what were his sentiments on these subjects, when his judgment might be considered as more matured. In a conversation which took place in the year 1812, he expressed himself to the following effect.

sion that there might be in the auditory he was going to address, some one or more who might have come disposed for the first time to urge the all-important question, "What shall I do to be saved?" and, aware of the uncertainty of human life, and of the possibility that it might be the last opportunity that would be afforded to such an inquirer, he felt anxious that the question should receive an immediate and distinct answer in every sermon which he preached. Thus, while many of his brethren were almost exclusively occupied in endeavours to edify the church, rarely addressing their discourses to any but professed believers, he was almost as exclusively employed in collecting and preparing materials for the sacred edifice. On occasion of mention being made of the growing numbers of the members of any Dissenting congregation in his neighbourhood, he would sometimes reply, 'Well, many of them were rocked in my cradle.' To administer to every one his appropriate portion of spiritual food in due season should, and will be the aim of every wise and faithful steward of the mysteries of Christ. The command is, "Go, preach the gospel to every creature,"—not to believers only, but, assuredly in the first place to *unbelievers*—"baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." But who is sufficient for these things? All, more or less, fall in one respect or other. If he failed on the one hand, perhaps many of his brethren are equally failing on the other. It is consoling to reflect, that the great Head of the church can carry on his purposes of mercy by every variety of means, however feeble or defective in themselves.

‘The doctrine of election is supported by such facts as these—the different effects of the gospel on different persons in the same congregation, and with the same external advantages—the triumph of grace, at times, in the worst subjects, and most unlikely persons. The subjects of divine grace sometimes display the most ungracious dispositions, and even fall into the most awful sins, as Jonah and David. Men are sometimes recovered to God and holiness, who seem to have been apostates, whilst many virtuous and moral characters go on in prejudice, and without improvement.

‘The difficulties of the doctrine are such as these : The whole tenour of Scripture proceeds on a systém of remuneration. The new covenant is described as regarding the whole human race. The gospel is a conditional grant of mercy to all mankind. Redemption is universal, as Calvin, Latimer, Archbishop Usher, and the strongest old Calvinists allowed. God declares his desire that all should be saved ; that he is not willing that any should perish, &c. God hath moreover commanded all men every where to repent. The final judgment will proceed on the principles of moral agency and responsibility.

‘The difficulties of the Arminian scheme, which make election conditional, and the result of foreseen obedience, are, that it seems to deify the human will, and make it the arbiter of events. It renders the redemption of Christ uncertain as to the event ;

for it might turn out wholly fruitless. It detracts from the glory of divine grace, and gives man whereof to glory in himself, at least tacitly. It makes God derive his motives from his creatures. It is confuted by continual matter of fact, and the instances of conversion which occur. Matter of fact pleads loudly in favour of Calvinism.

‘Both systems are true in part, both infer too much if pushed to their consequences. Arminianism exalts free-will almost above God; Calvinism approaches to fatalism and necessitarianism. Predestination is Calvin’s strong-hold—prescience Arminius.’ These seem incompatible, and yet involve each other; for prescience, in an infinite being, amounts to predestination.

‘It is acknowledged on both sides by spiritual and pious divines, that man is a moral agent, accountable and rewardable; that the redemption of Christ is sufficient for the sins of the whole world; that mercy is universally offered; that the rejection of mercy is wholly to be attributed to man’s sin, and wilfulness, and obstinacy; and that the acceptance of mercy is wholly to be attributed to the grace of God.

‘For myself, this is my creed; I believe in the election of grace; that redemption and the offers of mercy are universal; that there is no absolute impediment to any sinner’s salvation, that every man has the power to use the means of grace,

which, if used, bring down the divine blessing, that some are converted in an irresistible manner; but that sufficient grace is given to others, which is effectual to the salvation of many, but is rejected by vast numbers.

‘ Finally, I believe that it is impossible to make all these points coalesce in this world; that we must wait for further light in another state; that the real difficulty of the entrance of moral evil still remains unremoved; that there seems as little inclination in man to use the means, as there is to repent. Therefore I am compelled to acknowledge my own inconsistency and ignorance; that I am a fool; and I follow every part of Scripture, as it comes before me. I allow the seventeenth article, but I would rather it had not been inserted; it is a little too strongly expressed for me, though the concluding paragraph enables me to assent to it.’

On another occasion he observed, ‘ Some of my friends have sometimes accused me of being a Baxterian. I do not go quite so far as Baxter upon some points, but my sentiments correspond with his more nearly than with those of almost any other divine. I have been found fault with, too, for being too much of a Calvinist. On most points, I think, I agree with Calvin, but I cannot think with him on the doctrine of reprobation. I cannot, from what I have been enabled to learn in my study of the Scriptures, resolve it as he does, into the

absolute sovereignty of God. I cannot reconcile that view of it, with His not willing the death of a sinner. But it is astonishing how much more moderate men become upon these points as they grow older. Calvin himself was much more moderate in the latter part of his life. His commentary was written after his Institutes, and it is surprising how much more moderate it is, though he died at the age of fifty-four or fifty-five.

‘I know the price,’ observed he on another occasion, ‘at which I recommend moderation, but I am willing to pay it. I would earnestly entreat those of my brethren, who will suffer a word of caution, to consider the immense importance, in the present day, of not committing themselves upon difficult and doubtful questions, and of not overstating those that may be true. The moderation apparent in all parts of the New Testament, is as much a branch of inspired truth, as the doctrines themselves. With regard to predestination and election, let only the scriptural order, the proportion, the spirit, the persons addressed, the end in view, be attended to, and the tendency of them will be sound and holy. Moderation, wisdom, christian discretion, have here their place; and so with regard to assurance, and the perseverance of the saints. Consider only the manner in which these matters lie in the Scriptures, and let them appear in the same form in our discourses, and all will be well. But if these topics

be crudely treated, and perpetually insisted on, I can conceive of few things more dangerous. In this view I must protest against the assertions in Mr. Bulteel's sermon, that God beholds no sin in believers; and that to suppose that he takes notice, and is angry with us on account of sin, is a temptation of the devil. I must say, I quite agree here with Dr. Burton, that the reader of the gospel may well shudder at such declarations. The insinuations also, and more than insinuations against the necessity of our attending to the evidences of our faith, are most unguarded and dangerous. All sound christianity is lost sight of, when the grace and mercy of God in his covenant are thus stated. The very essence of Antinomianism lies concealed in such assertions, however little it is meant, and I am sure it was not so meant in the present instance.'

On the subject of assurance, in his remarks on a recent publication of Dr. Malan, contained in the *Christian Observer*, vol. xxviii. page 556—559, he says, 'My persuasion is, that all true believers shall eventually be saved, and all who are not believers shall finally perish; and that the catholic church is an invisible one, and that "the Lord knoweth them that are his." Many who "for a time believe," become apostates; while many who are backsliders, and apparently apostates, repent and believe. Though God is a sovereign in his grace, and the three thousand souls who were converted on

the Day of Pentecost, might on their conversion enjoy an immediate assurance of his eternal favour, yet the regeneration of others, and especially of those who have been admitted into Christ's church from their earliest infancy by baptism, may be more or less gradual. Of some St. Paul "stood in doubt;" and though he presses assurance as attainable by all, "exhorting every one of them to show the same diligence unto full assurance of hope," yet I do not suppose it to be the test of true faith; and for this reason, among others, that the apostle in this passage seems to couple it with diligence. Faith cannot be too much insisted on, for it is in vain to enforce the precepts of the law, except upon the motives and principles of the gospel, and assurance grows out of faith; but I must object to a crude and contracted mode of preaching the gospel, as if redemption were wrought out for a definite number of individuals, who are all to be suddenly selected and converted, and thereupon instantaneously made certain, that they are those fore-ordained, sealed, and elect, for whom the sacrifice of Christ was exclusively offered. I object, also, to the want of direct practical injunctions, none of which appear through the whole of the publication to which I have alluded; nor do I observe that there is any reference made in it to the duty of prayer. I would indeed hope, from the many excellent passages in it, that it may still be

blessed to the consolation and the simplification of the faith of some, but I fear that it may lead many others to speculative perplexity and error.

His dying testimony on this latter point was—
' I have not those elevated joys which some have ; I doubt whether those joys are always solid. Mr. M——'s views will not do to die by. Assurance without evidence is not the kind of comfort which will stand in the hours of bodily weakness and spiritual temptation. It is a comfort to me to think that I have walked with God. I wish to take the middle course between presumption and undue self-dependence.'

These quotations are not introduced for the purpose of obtruding the views of our deceased friend, on these or any other topics, as a standard for universal adoption, or of urging them in favour, or to the prejudice, of any particular theory of religious doctrine ; but merely for the purpose of shewing what was the system which he felt it his duty to adopt and enforce as the result of his own most mature consideration, and what were those sentiments which, in his case, obtained in a very eminent degree, the sanction of the divine blessing. Mr. W. had his peculiar views ; and he had in some instances his peculiar mode of stating those views—a peculiarity which occasionally exposed him to hard thoughts, and no little severity of remark. The writer of these lines well recollects his once stating

to him that a pious aged and venerable clergyman, who stood deservedly high in the estimation of every good man that knew him, and for whom he himself personally entertained the most unfeigned respect, actually *wept* over him, in the presence of a number of his clerical friends whom he was in the habit of meeting for the discussion of religious subjects, in consequence of some sentiment to which he had given utterance on the doctrine of imputed righteousness. By others he has heard him represented as being 'be-Woodded,' or as 'being in a wood,'¹ because he did not happen fully to acquiesce in some sentiments and phrases which were current amongst his brethren. He did not, for instance quite approve of the term *imputed righteousness*; he preferred that of imputed *merit*, as less liable to abuse. The sentiment intended to be conveyed by both expressions was virtually the same, viz. that 'we are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by faith, and

¹ Such were the expressions used, playing on his name. Perhaps it would have been well for some of these punsters, had they themselves been a little more 'be-Woodded' in many respects, i. e. had they possessed a little more of his christian spirit and temper. What are termed 'clear views' are doubtless valuable and desirable in their place; and possibly Mr. W. deemed his own views quite as clear as those to which they stood opposed; and, regarded in their practical operation on his own mind and character, and in connexion with that simple and unaffected piety by which he stood so eminently distinguished, they perhaps proved at least equally valuable. A small share of the one is more than equivalent to a large portion of the other; and the recent extravagances of many who have given themselves credit for clearer views than their brethren, ought to place the friends of practical godliness on their guard, against laying too much stress on mere doctrinal views, however clear in the estimation of their advocates.

not for our own works or deservings.' [XIth Article.] There is danger of confusion, and sometimes of serious mischief, in insisting too strenuously on little niceties of expression, which often amount to little more than distinctions without a difference. This, however, was not a danger from which much was to be apprehended, so far as *he* was concerned: for whatever peculiarities or niceties of distinction were entertained by himself, no one ever evinced more readiness to allow others the liberty of entertaining their own private views, or of expressing their sentiments in their own way, provided the doctrine inculcated was according to godliness, and not grossly at variance with inspired truth. Indeed if he erred at all on this score, it was on the side of an excessive liberality—giving men credit for purity of intention, and even for orthodoxy of opinion, however widely they might have erred in their mode of conveying their meaning. Hence what the Rev. D. Wilson (now the Bishop of Calcutta) has in his funeral sermon termed his 'excess of candour in judging others;' and 'his ingenuity in finding out reasons for thinking well of all about him, often even of those who differed widely from him in sentiment on fundamental points.' To this source also may be traced his frequent recommendation and distribution of books which were far from being strictly evangelical, merely because they contained some valuable truths. Had this disposition—how-

ever excessive in him—been a little more prevalent than it has been, perhaps there would have been much less of that shyness and distance among professed ministers of the same religion, on account of trivial differences on points of minor consideration, than has unhappily existed; and pulpit discourses would have worn much less of that pugilistic aspect which they have been so apt to assume. More prominence would have been given to, and more ardent and steady zeal evinced on those grand and vital truths which, after all, have alone ever been found effectually to impress the human mind. It was in confining himself almost exclusively to these grand, incontrovertible, and uncontested truths that our excellent friend so eminently shone. He spoke directly to the common sense and the consciences of those who heard him, regardless of the subtleties of captious disputation; and enforced, as they were in his case, by the eloquence of Christian sympathy and Christian love, “his words were with power:” they touched the heart, awakened correspondent interest, and operated savingly on a large portion of his numerous auditories.

On his attention to the private duties of his profession, such as those of catechizing youth, distributing bibles and tracts, visiting and relieving the sick and distressed, &c. scarcely too much can be said. Though, as the minister of a proprietary chapel there were no duties of a strictly parochial nature

to which he was necessarily bound to attend, yet to a certain extent, and that not a very limited one, he took his full share of this species of ministerial duty—holding himself in readiness to meet every reasonable application that was made to him. His attention to the first-named duty—that of catechizing and instructing youth, was almost without a parallel. If called to attend the committee of a charity school, which was the case with respect to all the Institutions of this kind in his neighbourhood, he was almost sure to be observed stealing out of the Committee-room, when the mere secular business of the society was under consideration, into the school-room, for the purpose of examining into the progress of the children, hearing some class read, or communicating religious instruction in one shape or other. His pockets were generally filled with tracts for incidental distribution; and he always carried about with him a list of sick persons, rarely consisting of less than from ten to twenty cases, each of which he made a point of visiting, personally or through the medium of his clerical assistant, to the amount of once or twice a week, as the urgency of the respective cases might appear to require. Rarely less than two hours in the course of the day, were spent by him in these domiciliary visits.¹ This, with his other numerous

¹ In addition to which he had, as has already been observed, (Mrs. Woodd's Memoir) what he termed his 'Fund of charity,' and its Committee

engagements, might in some measure infringe on the time desirable for pulpit preparation, and render his public discourses less laboured, and less calculated to gratify the taste of a fastidious auditory; but it rendered his ministry, on the whole, much more effective than it could possibly have been as a mere pulpit ministration, however charming to the ear or captivating to the sense.

As to his charities, so far and so long as the means remained at his command, he appeared scarcely able to prescribe to himself any reasonable bounds; and he did in fact much overstep those limits which were necessary to preserve him from occasional embarrassments, and which a proper regard to the future welfare of a numerous offspring, almost wholly dependant upon him, and accustomed to every earthly comfort, would have warranted as no more than the dictate of common prudence. But prudence, in the common acceptation of the term, did not enter much into the construction of his mind. His wisdom was not the wisdom of this world, but that which is from above, and "which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." He yielded to the dictates of a kind and sympathizing heart, which

of Visitors for the purpose of administering private relief, who met at his house once per month, for the purpose of stating the nature of the various cases that had been visited.

could not witness distress without some effort to relieve it; and he ventured to rely on the inspired assurance that "he who giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord," and that "what he" thus "layeth out shall be repaid him," if not in temporal advantages, in—what he deemed of infinitely greater importance—spiritual and immortal blessings. In many instances his kindness exposed him to grievous imposition, and extorted from him sacrifices of property, such as greatly diminished his means of indulging in that more substantial and really beneficial exercise of charity to which he had been accustomed, and in which he would gladly have persevered to the end of his life. But whatever he suffered from this source, he consoled himself with the reflection that his intentions had been upright, and a hope that every thing would, in one way or other, be overruled for good.

This confidence in the wisdom and goodness of a gracious and unerring providence was associated in his mind with another remarkable quality—the habit of discovering and dwelling on the bright side of every question, and of tracing out ultimate good as the probable result even of the most afflicting dispensations. Hence his calm submission under the most painful visitations. Few had more heavy trials to encounter than he had, particularly during the latter part of his life: yet in the midst of all, his mind appeared to retain its wonted serenity, his

countenance wore its accustomed smile; if he sorrowed, it was not as one without hope, but as one who was persuaded that all things were working together for good to them who love God. This enabled him to resume and prosecute his labours, with very short intervals of suspension, even under the most overwhelming bereavements. His practical language was, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good;" or, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, he continued "steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that his labour would not be in vain in the Lord."

It would be easy to point out, and pleasing to dwell upon, many other amiable features of his character—such as his deep humility, his patience of contradiction, his openness to conviction, his readiness to confess an error whenever overpowered in argument—features which will be found well described in the Bishop of Calcutta's sermon. But admiration must have its bounds. "By the grace of God he was what he was;" and the design of these observations has been, not to eulogize, but merely to show what is the nature and operation of true religion, wherever cultivated, as in the case of the deceased, in simplicity and godly sincerity; and more especially what are those principles on which

a minister of religion may venture to found hope of success in his professional labours—not on mere doctrine, however correctly exhibited or ably defended; much less on an arrogant and self-conceited dogmatism—but on a simple, unaffected statement of those vital truths on which good men have ever agreed, enforced in the spirit of that charity which constitutes the soul of every virtue, and the bond of all perfectness; “which”—and the description has rarely been more strikingly exemplified than in the character which has come under our review—“suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” This “charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part” only, “and we prophecy only in part. When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part” only “shall be done away. Now we see as through a glass darkly; then”—not before, we shall see—“face to face. Now we know in part; then shall we know even as we are known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.”

On a monument in Paddington Church Yard, erected at the expence of a warmly-attached congregation, as a token of the high respect entertained for his memory, is the following inscription.

SOUTH SIDE OF MONUMENT.

IN MEMORY

OF THE PASTORAL LABOURS,
THE UNWEARIED CHARITIES,
THE MEEK AND LOWLY SPIRIT,
THE HOLY LIFE AND THE TRIUMPHANT DEATH,
OF THAT FAITHFUL MINISTER OF CHRIST,

THE REV. BASIL WOODD, M. A.

RECTOR OF DRAYTON BEAUCHAMP, BUCKS,
AND FORTY-SIX YEARS MINISTER OF BENTINCK CHAPEL,
MARY-LE-BONE.

WHO ENTERED HIS HEAVENLY REST, APRIL 12, 1831,

AGED 71 YEARS,

HIS BEREAVED FRIENDS AND FLOCK, SORROWFUL, YET
REJOICING,
HAVE RAISED THIS RECORD OF THEIR AFFECTION.

NORTH SIDE OF MONUMENT.

YET AMIDST SO MUCH THAT WAS LOVELY AND OF
GOOD REPORT,
HE TRUSTED ONLY TO DIVINE GRACE, AND HIS SAVIOUR'S
ATONING SACRIFICE, FOR PARDON AND
ACCEPTANCE WITH GOD.

CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS WHOLE LIFE AND SENTIMENTS ;
HIS LAST SERMON CLOSED WITH
' FAITH SHALL BE LOST IN SIGHT, AND HOPE IN ENJOYMENT ; '

HIS LAST TEXT WAS,
" CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY , "

THE LAST ENTRY IN HIS DIARY,
' I COME TO MY GOD ASKING FOR NO REWARD,
I LOOK ONLY FOR MERCY ; '

HIS DYING PRAYER,
' LORD, NOW LETTEST NOW THY SERVANT DEPART IN PEACE ; '
AND HIS DYING ASSURANCE,
' THE LORD IS LETTING HIS SERVANT DEPART IN PEACE,
I SHALL SOON SEE THY SALVATION. '

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